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**PARADE
OF LONDON
FASHIONS**

See pages 26 and 27

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THE Red Carnation

By Susan Yorke



FIRST LOVE is always memorable, but rarely as romantic and satisfying as we hoped it would be. Happily, there are exceptions. Like Raquel's, for instance.

When my husband died I needed to work, and I soon found that one of the best-paid jobs I could get was a cook's job. Before I landed with Mr. Gregory, I'd been cooking from Land's End to John o' Groat's with different families.

Mr. Gregory was a real find, although, in the beginning, many of his bachelor habits disturbed me. Formerly there was a butler-valet, who got in my way, but as Mr. Gregory's life took him increasingly away on business trips, the butler-valet was dispensed with.

The local cleaners looked after Mr. Gregory's clothes, and when there were parties I hired waiters. The flower shop on the corner sent in a table arrangement for the sideboard, and Mr. Gregory's secretary wrote out the invitations to the guests.

Occasionally Mr. Gregory forgot about the invitations and would ask me to write them, but the result wasn't successful. My penmanship is entirely different from the English penmanship, as I am Swedish, and Mr. Gregory can never read it.

It was over Mr. Gregory's invitations that I came to know Raquel. For the past year she'd been the colorless mouse from the corner flower shop who brought up the flower arrangement on the afternoon of a party. Mr. Gregory ordered and selected the flowers himself.

One raw November morning before a party, Raquel sat in my kitchen beside an elaborate flower arrangement. She watched me while I sorted the silver and prepared the scene for the evening's festivity.

She had been coming to the flat with flowers for almost a year before it occurred to me to ask her what her name was.

It was a nasty day, and I think I noticed her because she looked so lonely, so small.

My kitchen was warm, and it seemed to me she was glad to sit in it. She looked tired.

"By the way," I said, "what's your name?"

"Raquel."

"That's a strange name."

"My mother was Spanish."

"I'm going to have some toast

"What's the meaning of this letter?" Mrs. Wheeler demanded.

and hot tomato soup for lunch. Would you like to join me?" I felt motherly towards her, she looked so lost, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. She was so serious, as if she had already discovered that life is a tragedy. "Mr. Gregory never comes home for lunch," I added to reassure her.

"I know."

"What?" I asked, not expecting such an answer.

"I said I know. And I'd be grateful for the soup."

"How do you know?" I asked, ignoring the soup.

"I know a lot about Mr. Gregory, ever since the cat," the girl said, and a telltale flush spread over her frail features.

"What cat?" I wanted to know. "Mr. Gregory never owned a cat!"

"Oh, yes, he did!" she said. And then, seeing my look of amazement, she went on calmly, "Before your time, when he was a little boy. He told me all about his cat the day the moving van ran over my cat. It wasn't really my cat," she assured me hastily, "it belonged to the shop. It came as a kitten, and was supposed to keep the mice away, except I never saw any mice. We became attached to each other, the cat and I. I called it Soapy. Mr. Gregory's cat was called Thunder because it purred so loudly."

She paused for breath and then raced on: "Soapy was behind the van when it backed. I saw it all through the window and I rushed out, although I was taking Mr. Gregory's order, and he rushed after me. The cat was dead. I felt like crying, of course, but there was Mr. Gregory next to me and looking at me in a sort of what's-she-going-to-do-now way, so I just walked back into the shop, and he followed me."

"When we got inside"—she looked at me defiantly as she said this—"he said he would buy me another cat, but I didn't want another cat, so he gave me ten pounds, and told me to go and buy a dress with the money—a pretty dress, he said, and it was to cost exactly ten pounds, and I was to remember him when I wore it."

She fidgeted now in her chair, and then said softly, "I know a lot about Mr. Gregory."

"And how would that be?" I asked curiously.

Please turn to page 6

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EAGERLY, Raquel answered me. "I see him such a lot. He rushes in to buy corsages or send roses. I always give him a red carnation for his buttonhole. When he sends roses he never can remember the address, and has to plough through the phone book. He swears and stamps and fumes. I expect it's her fault."

"Her?" I repeated, more and more astonished. "Who do you mean?"

Of course, I was pretending. I knew perfectly well she meant Mrs. Wheeler. If Raquel had seen Mr. Gregory as often as she claimed, she couldn't have failed to see Mrs. Wheeler, too.

"Raquel," I asked suddenly, "how old are you?"

"I'm older than I look," she assured me, getting up and balancing the flowers in her arms. "I'm almost twenty." And she marched through the swinging door to the dining-room.

That was the first time I really spoke to her. From then on when she came she invariably had coffee with me, but she never volunteered any more confidences.

It was because she was so discreet that I got the idea of calling her in when Mr. Gregory showed a list of names at me and said in his slightly arrogant voice, "Ingeborg, get these people on the phone or write 'em a note on my good paper and invite 'em for a week from Thursday. It's a business party; the overseas manager is in town." He threw me one of his rare smiles and it transformed his face.

It was to be a big party—the list covered three pages. When I went out shopping, I dropped in at the flower shop, where Raquel was solemnly cutting stems, and asked her if she'd write out the invitations for me.

"I'll give you a good dinner to-night," I bribed. "Mr. Gregory isn't home."

"You mean dinner in Mr. Gregory's flat?" she asked, as if I had invited her to the Savoy.

"Why, certainly. Where else?" I retorted, thinking what a naive child she was.

"Yes," she breathed, and suddenly seemed to come to life. "I'd love to write out the invitations."

Perhaps I should have guessed then what was in the wind. In a way I did, but not seriously. Mr. Gregory was such a well-to-do, suave, and sophisticated man that I simply didn't associate him with a girl as retiring and unobtrusive as Raquel. I dismissed what I thought was her infatuation with my employer by shrugging it away, and thought ahead to what I'd give her for dinner.

The Red Carnation Continued from page 5

Raquel showed up promptly at six-thirty, and I was astounded at her appearance.

As always, she came in by the kitchen door, and I'd really planned to have her write out the invitations on the kitchen table while I prepared supper, but when I saw her standing there so composed and fragile and impeccable, I led her automatically to the living-room and pulled out the chair at Mr. Gregory's desk for her.

"Why are you all dressed up?" I asked as I switched on the lamps and arranged things for her.

"I didn't want to dine in my working clothes," she said, and I nearly sat down in Mr. Gregory's armchair in sheer surprise at the elegant turn she gave her phrase.

"What a pretty flat," she went on. "It must be wonderful to live here."

"Mr. Gregory's seldom at home," I told her, a little stiffly.

"I wonder why," she said, frowning. "The places he goes

"The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of man than the discovery of a star."

—Brillat-Savarin.

to can't be as attractive as this. If I lived here I'd never go out!"

I was standing next to her, looking down at her as she glanced round the room, bending her head slightly to one side the better to appraise it, and all of a sudden it came over me how excellently she fitted into the room. In fact, she fitted the room considerably better than Mrs. Wheeler did.

When I found myself thinking this I decided to abandon my original idea of having her eat with me in the kitchen. I'd move her into the dining-room. "Would you care for a sherry?" I inquired mildly.

"Yes, please, that would be nice," she said like a young queen, and smiled at me, her eyes dancing.

I got out the silver salver and put a lace d'oyley on it, then set it at her elbow on the desk, with the cut-crystal decanter and a slim crystal glass. When I went back to the kitchen I postponed dinner to tidy myself up.

Of course, my curiosity got the better of me, and after a little while I went back to the living-room. Something was pulling me to Raquel. She didn't hear me come in; she was bent over her work, writing away at the invitations.

When I was almost behind

her I caught sight of her hand-writing. Before I could stop myself I had blurted out unthinkingly, "Oh, my dear child! It's been you writing to him!"

Raquel twisted in her chair, one hand covering the address she was writing, in an attempt to hide her penmanship from me, but the uppermost envelope on the finished pile was still clearly visible. Her secret was out.

"Oh, my dear!" I repeated helplessly, and laid my hand on her shoulder.

Her face was crimson, and as she looked up at me I saw tears in her eyes.

I should have guessed that phase of the story, too, but, on the other hand, Mr. Gregory received so many letters that I never paid much attention to his post. Every morning it was my habit to place his correspondence by his early morning tea, and it was only natural that in the course of time I should come to recognise certain handwritings which recurred with more or less regularity.

In the past year another "steady" had added itself to the list, a beige-colored envelope, the writing sloping and rather unformed, but brave and generous. I had noticed that these letters were posted in London. They came once a week, sometimes twice, and Mr. Gregory looked particularly stormy when he read them.

But he read them; now and then he read them through three or four times before tearing them up into small bits. Sometimes he burned them, moodily watching as the flame ate up the paper.

"What does he do with them? What does he do with my letters?" she asked me now in a low, half-ashamed voice.

"He reads them," I assured her, honestly enough, and found I was stroking the sleek hair of her small, delicate head.

"Yes," she said tightly, "but then what does he do with them?"

I saw in my mind the hasty, nervous movement of Mr. Gregory's hands as he ripped the beige letters to shreds, and I hesitated to answer her.

"He destroys them!" Raquel burst out with sudden conviction, and saved me the misery of having to tell her. "He tears them up and throws them away, doesn't he?"

She looked steadily at me, and all I could do was to nod my head and wish I had written the invitations out myself, so that this pathetic story would never have come to light.

"Well," she said bleakly, "I suppose I had better finish

these," and she bent her head again over her work.

I postponed dinner until she had written the last invitation, and by that time she was hungry. I was glad to see she had a good appetite, even if her face was unusually pale.

"When Mrs. Wheeler comes for dinner, where does she sit?" the girl asked abruptly.

"On his right, of course."

"Why don't you sit there?" she suggested. "We can have coffee together here."

Whether or not this was the correct thing to do in my employer's dining-room never troubled me in the least. I fetched a cup for myself, put in a dash of cognac, and sat down in Mrs. Wheeler's place.

"Is Mr. Gregory nice to work for?" Raquel inquired after a long pause.

"He's impersonal," I told her truthfully.

"Why doesn't he marry Mrs. Wheeler?"

"I'm glad he doesn't," I said with more heat than I had intended. "She's only interested in his money. She's not good for him."

"Is he in love with her?"

"I don't see how he could be, but I suppose he must be," I said, contradicting myself. "He wouldn't see so much of her if he wasn't."

"If he's in love with her, then why does he always look so unhappy?" Raquel asked softly.

"I don't know," I confessed, not even denying that he did look unhappy. "Perhaps he's just one of those people born with an unhappy soul."

"Poor man," Raquel said unexpectedly.

I jerked up my head with surprise. Nobody had ever called rich, young, handsome Mr. Gregory "poor man" before.

She went home soon after that, thanking me very nicely for the dinner, and when I closed the door behind her I felt lonely.

During the next two weeks I noticed that no beige letters arrived for Mr. Gregory, and I also saw that Mr. Gregory rifled through his morning post as if looking for something.

On the day of the party for the overseas manager, Raquel brought not only the flower arrangement but also a red carnation and a beige letter. She pinned the carnation to the letter and merely looked at me significantly and said, "You'll see that he gets these, please?" She tapped the envelope and I nodded back at her. I left it in his bedroom, propped on his dressing-table, where he'd be sure to see it when he dressed for the party.

Please turn to page 42

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

YOU ONLY KISS ME NOW, WHEN YOU WANT MONEY!



WELL, GOODNESS ME



ISN'T THAT OFTEN ENOUGH?



By GUS

Arabella

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED
BY BOOTHROYD

THERE is great excitement at the vicarage at Heythram when ARABELLA, eldest daughter of the REVEREND TALLANT, is invited to spend a London season with her godmother, LADY BRIDLINGTON.

Arabella's mother and sisters feel sure the visit will lead to an advantageous marriage; Mrs. Tallant skilfully manipulates her slender resources to equip her daughter suitably; and at length Arabella sets off chaperoned by a former governess.

When, after a few days, the carriage breaks down, they seek shelter at a residence which chances to be the shooting-box of MR. BEAUMARIS, leader of London society.

At the insistence of his friend LORD FLEETWOOD, Beaumaris indifferently receives the stranded females, but Arabella is furious to overhear him say that this is just a fortune hunter's trick to meet him, and retaliates with a story that she herself is fabulously wealthy.

In London, she is ashamed to admit this in a talk with her godmother. NOW READ ON:

LADY BRIDLINGTON, misunderstanding the reason for Arabella's evident confusion, said hastily, "If you should be fortunate enough to engage some gentleman's affection, dear Arabella, of course you will tell him just how you are placed, or I shall. Meanwhile, it would be foolish, and quite unnecessary, for you to be talking of your circumstances to everyone you meet."

"Very well, ma'am," said Arabella, in a subdued tone.

"I knew you would be sensible. Well, now, I am sure there is no need for me to say anything more to you on this head, and we must decide whom I shall invite to my evening party. I wonder, my love, if you would see if my tablets are on that little table. And a pencil, if you will be so good?"

These commodities having been found, the good lady settled down happily to plan her forthcoming party. Since the names she treasured were all of them unknown to Arabella, the discussion resolved itself into a gentle monologue.

Lady Bridlington ran through the greater part of her acquaintances, murmuring that it would be useless to invite the Farnworths, since they had no children; that Lady Kirk-michael could not be depended on to invite Arabella, even if she did give a ball for that lanky daughter of hers; that the Accringtons must, of course, be sent a card, and also the Baxtons—delightful families both, and bound to entertain largely this season.

"And I mean to invite Lord Dewsbury and Sir Geoffrey Morecambe, my dear, for there is no saying but what one of them might . . . And perhaps Emily Cowper might, and the Charnwoods, and Mr. Catwick; and, if they are in town, the Garthorpes . . ."

She rambled on in this style, while Arabella tried to look interested. But her attention soon wandered, to be recalled with a jerk when Lady Bridlington mentioned a name she did know.

"And I shall send Mr. Beaumaris a card, because it would be such a splendid thing for you, my love, if it were known that he came to your debut—for such we may call it! Why, if he were to come, and perhaps talk to you for a few minutes and seem

pleased with you, you would be made!"

She paused for breath, and Arabella, coloring in spite of herself, was able at last to say: "I—I am myself a little acquainted with Mr. Beaumaris, ma'am."

Lady Bridlington dropped her pencil. "Acquainted with Mr. Beaumaris?" she repeated. "My love, what can you be thinking about? When can you possibly have met him?"

"I—I quite forgot to tell you, ma'am," faltered Arabella unhappily, "that when the pole broke—I told you that!—Miss Blackburn and I sought shelter in his hunting box, and—and he had Lord Fleetwood with him, and we stayed to dine."

Lady Bridlington gasped. "Good heavens, Arabella, and you never told me! Mr. Beaumaris' house! He actually asked you to dine, and you never breathed a word of it to me!"

Arabella found herself quite incapable of explaining why she had been shy of men-

tioning this episode. She stammered that it had slipped out of her mind in all the excitement of coming to London.

"Slipped out of your mind?" exclaimed Lady Bridlington. "You dine with Mr. Beaumaris, and at his hunting box, too, and then talk to me about the excitement of coming to London? Good gracious, child! But, there, you are such a country mouse, my love, I dare say you did not know all it might mean to you. Did he seem pleased? Did he like you?"

This was a little too much, even for a young lady determined to be on her best behaviour. "I dare say he disliked me excessively, ma'am, for I thought him very proud and disagreeable, and I hope you won't ask him to your party on my account!"

"Not ask him to my party, when, if he came to it, everyone would say it was a success? You must be mad, Arabella, to talk

To her godmother's horror, Arabella advanced on the waggoner, berating him for ill-treating his horse.

so! And do let me beg of you, my dear, never to say such a thing of Mr. Beaumaris in public! I dare say he may be a little stiff, but what is that to the purpose, pray. There is no one who counts for more in society, for setting aside his fortune, which is immense, my love, he is related to half the houses in England."

"I thought Lord Fleetwood most amiable and gentlemanlike," offered Arabella, by way of palliative.

"Fleetwood! I can tell you this, Arabella: there is no use in your setting your cap at him, for all the world knows that he must marry money!"

"I hope, ma'am," cried Arabella, flaring up, "that you do not mean to suggest that I should set my cap at Mr. Beaumaris, for nothing would prevail upon me to do so!"

Please turn to page 8

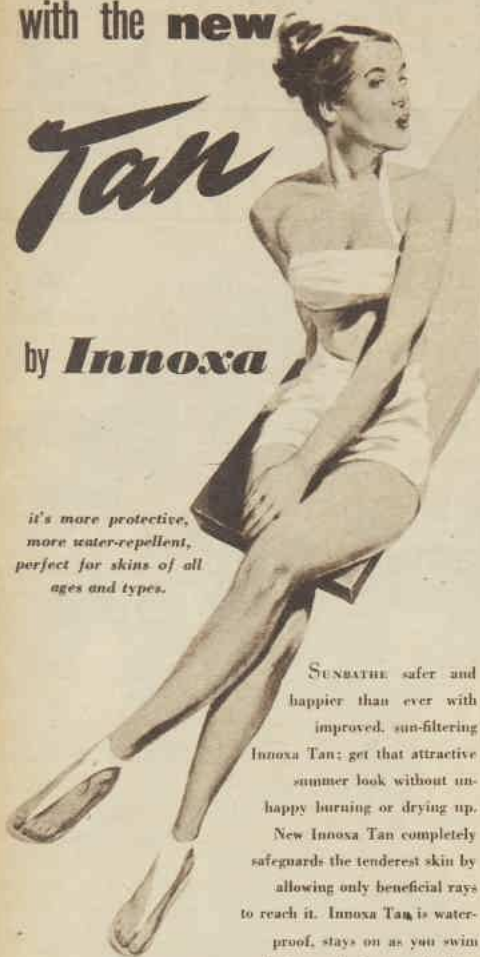
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LADY BRID

LINGTON said frankly, "My love, it would be useless for you even to think of setting your cap at Robert Beaumaris. He may have his pick of all the beauties in England, I dare say. And, what is more, he is the most accomplished flirt in London."

She added feelingly, "But I do most earnestly implore you not to set him against you by treating him with the least incivility. You may think him what you please, but, believe me, Arabella, he could ruin your whole career—and mine, too, if it came to that."

Arabella propped her chin in her hand, pondering an agreeable thought. "Or he could make everything easy for me, ma'am?" she inquired.

"Of course he could—if he chose to do it. He is the most unpredictable creature! It might amuse him to make you the rage of town—or he might take it into his head to say you were not quite in his style—and if once he says that, my dear, what man will look twice at you, unless he has already fallen in love with you, which, after all, we cannot expect?"

"My dear ma'am," said Arabella in dulcet accents. "I hope I should not be so ill bred as to be uncivil to anyone—even Mr. Beaumaris!"

"I am happy to hear you say so, my love, but ten to one he won't come," responded her ladyship pessimistically.

Nothing more was said about Mr. Beaumaris, her ladyship being suddenly diverted by some chance thought into describing to Arabella the various social treats she had in store for her. In spite of the fact that the season had not yet begun, they were so numerous that Arabella felt almost giddy and wondered whether, in this round of gaiety, her hostess would find the time to accompany her to church on Sunday.

But in doubting whether Lady Bridlington would go to church she wronged her; Lady Bridlington would have thought it very odd not to be seen in her pew every Sunday morning, unless, as was often the case, she chose to attend the service at the Chapel Royal, where she could be sure of seeing all her more distinguished friends and even, very often, some member of the Royal Family.

This good fortune was hers on Arabella's first Sunday in London, and the circumstance made fine reading for the interested brothers and sisters in Yorkshire.

"I am growing quite accustomed to London," she continued her letter, "and begin to know my way about the streets, though, of course, I do not walk out by myself yet. Lady Bridlington sends a footman with me, just as Bertram said she would, but I see that young females do go alone nowadays, only perhaps they are not of the haut ton."

"This is very important, and I am in constant dread that I shall do something improper such as walking down St. James Street, where all the gentlemen's clubs are, and very fast, which, of course, I do not wish to be thought."

"Lady Bridlington gives an evening party to introduce me to her friends. I shall be all of a quake, for everyone is so grand and fashionable, though perfectly civil, and much kinder than I had looked for."

"Sophy will like to know

that Lord Fleetwood, whom I met on the road, as I wrote from Grantham, paid us a morning visit to see how I did, which was very amiable and obliging of him. Also Mr. Beaumaris, but we were out driving in the Park. He left his card."

"Lady Bridlington was in transports, and has placed it above all the rest, which I think is nonsensical, but I find that that is the way of the world, and makes me reflect on all Papa has said on the subject of Folly, and the Hollowness of Fashionable Life."

That seemed to dispose satisfactorily of Mr. Beaumaris. Arabella dipped her pen again.

"Lady Bridlington is everything that is kind, and I am persuaded that her son is a very respectable young man, and not at all abandoned to the Pursuit of Pleasure, as Papa feared. He is travelling in Germany and has visited a great many of the battlefields."

"He writes very interesting letters to his mama, with which I am sure Papa would

host of acquaintances in London."

The gentlemen were not more backward; it was quite a commonplace thing for some stroller in the park to come up to Lady Bridlington's barouche and stand chatting to her and her pretty protegee; while more than one sprig of fashion with whom her ladyship was barely acquainted paid her a morning visit on what seemed, even to one so little given to speculation as Lady Bridlington, the slenderest of excuses.

She was a little surprised, but after thinking about it for a few minutes she was as easily able to account for the ladies' civility as the gentlemen's. They were anxious to oblige her.

As for the gentlemen, she had never doubted, from the moment of setting eyes on her goddaughter, that that fairy figure and charming countenance could fail to attract instant admiration.

None of these conclusions quite explained the morning visits of several high-nosed ladies of fashion, whose civi-



"I can remember only once that your mother answered 'yes' to any request of mine. That was shortly before we were married."

be pleased, for he seems to feel just as he ought, and moralises on all he sees in a truly elevating way though rather long."

Arabella perceived that there was little room left on her sheet, and added in a cramped fist, "With my love to my brothers and sisters, and my affectionate duty to dear Papa, I remain your loving daughter Arabella."

Plenty of promising matter there for Mama and the girls to pore over and to discuss, even though so much remained unwritten, for one felt quite shy of disclosing even to Mama how very gracious—how amazingly kind—everyone was being to an insignificant girl from Yorkshire.

For so it was. Shopping in Bond Street, driving in Hyde Park, attending service at the Chapel Royal, Lady Bridlington naturally encountered friends and never failed to present Arabella to their notice. Forbidding dowagers unbenighted in the most gratifying way, quite overpowering her by their insistence that Lady Bridlington should bring her to see them one day.

Several introduced their daughters to Arabella, suggesting that she might walk in Green Park some fine morning, so that in no time it seemed as though she had a

ties towards Lady Bridlington had hitherto consisted of invitations to their larger Assemblies, and bows exchanged from their respective carriages.

Lady Somercote was particularly puzzling. She expressed the greatest admiration for Arabella, whom she met at the theatre with her godmother.

"A delightful girl!" she said graciously. "Very well-behaved, and without the least hint of pretension in her dress or bearing!"

Lady Bridlington agreed to it, and since her mind did not move rapidly it was not until her guest was well into her next observation that she wondered why Arabella should be supposed to show pretension.

"Of good family, I apprehend?" said Lady Somercote, carelessly, but looking rather searchingly at her hostess.

"Of course!" replied Lady Bridlington, with dignity. "A most respected Yorkshire family!"

Lady Somercote nodded. "I thought as much. Excellent manners and conducts herself with perfect propriety! And her dress, too! Nothing vulgar, such as one too often sees nowadays. Somercote was much struck. You must bring her to Grosvenor Square next week, dear Lady Bridlington."

Nothing formal, you know; a few friends only, and perhaps the young people may get up a little dance."

Lady Bridlington was shrewd enough to know that more than a compliment to herself must lie behind this unexpected honor, and was at a loss to discover the lady's motive. She was the mother of five hopeful and expensive sons, and it was well known that the Somercote estates were heavily mortgaged.

Advantageous marriages were a necessity to the Somercotes' progeny and no one was more purposeful in her pursuit of a likely heir than their mama. For a dismayed instant Lady Bridlington wondered whether, in her anxiety to assist Arabella, she had concealed her circumstances too well.

She could not recall, however, that she had ever so much as mentioned them. Indeed, her recollection was that she had taken care never to do so.

The Honorable Mrs. Penkridge, calling on her dear friend for the express purpose of bidding her and her protegee to a select Musical Soiree, and explaining, with apologies, how it was due to the stupidity of a secretary that her card of invitation had not reached her long since, spoke in even warmer terms of Arabella.

"Charming, quite charming!" she declared, bestowing her frosted smile upon Lady Bridlington. "She will throw all our beauties into the shade! That simplicity is so particularly pleasing! You are to be congratulated!"

However perplexed Lady Bridlington might be by this speech, issuing, as it did, from the lips of one famed for her haughtiness as much as for her acid tongue, it seemed at least to dispose of the suspicion roused in her mind by Lady Somercote's visit. The Penkridges were a childless couple.

But Lady Bridlington was not well enough acquainted with Mrs. Penkridge to know that almost the only sign of human emotion she had ever been seen to betray was her dotting fondness for her nephew, Mr. Horace Epworth.

This elegant gentleman, complete to a point as regards side-whiskers, fobs, seals, quizzing-glass, and scented handkerchief, had lately honored his aunt with one of his infrequent visits. Surprised and delighted, she had begged to know in what way she could be of service to him. Mr. Epworth had no hesitation in telling her.

"You might put me in the way of meeting the new heiress, ma'am," he said frankly, "Dev'lish fine gal—regular Croesus, too!"

She had pricked up her ears at that and exclaimed: "Whom can you be thinking of, my dear Horace? If you mean that Flint chit, I have it for a fact that—"

"Pooh! Nothing of the sort!" interrupted Mr. Epworth, waving the Flint chit away with one white and languid hand. "I dare say she has no more than thirty thousand pounds! This gal is so rich she puts 'em all in the shade. They call her the Lady Dives."

"Who calls her so?" demanded his incredulous relative.

Please turn to page 30

We're Brothers

By **ADELINE MARX**

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

IT was just about the best night for a dance, Paul thought, that had ever been invented. As he walked home from a last-minute trip to the school he took an approving look at it, just as he had taken an approving look, as chairman of the committee, at the decorations in the gym.

The decorations were really neat this year, even better than the ones Glen's class had done last year, and he was proud of them. The night was the same—perfect—and he was proud of it, too.

As he turned in at his own gate he saw that the light was on in the room he shared with Glen, and he quickened his step. Glen had already started to dress, then.

He called out to his mother, "I'm back," without stopping to look at her, and went quickly up the stairs. He should have been back sooner. Because if Glen happened to fancy any part of his outfit—his black tie, for instance, or his studs—he wouldn't hesitate to help himself, and Paul only had just one of everything.

One glance reassured him. Glen was already tying his tie, and Paul's things lay undisturbed on his own bed, just the way his mother had put them. He wandered into the room, trying to look as though he had not been hurrying at all and as though he were just watching Glen out of idle curiosity, not because he wanted to pick up some pointers about tying a black tie.

Glen got it almost right, stared at it impatiently, and pulled it out again. Paul was glad for the chance to watch him do it again though he was sorry to see how fussy you had to be about a black tie.

"Why are you getting ready so soon?" he asked.

"Got a date."

"Who hasn't?" Paul said, and grinned. Glen did not answer, concentrating on the tie, and Paul went on grinning. He could not help it. Because he not only had a date—he had a date with Sybil Thompson.

Sybil was really something special. Her family had moved here the year before, and she wasn't quite like anything they had ever seen. She was just Paul's age, and she was studying singing. In between lessons she just lived at home, slept till noon, practised a little, and had a wonderful time. Her eyes were violet-blue, her eyebrows were almost black, and her hair was spun gold.

Paul had nearly jumped with surprise when she had said she'd go to the dance with him. Of course, he was the first one to ask her; he had asked her the minute the committee had decided on the date. Just another one of the advantages, he thought, still grinning, of being the chairman of the committee.

He went in and had his shower, singing the class song at the top of his voice. When he got back to the bedroom, Glen was apparently satisfied with his tie; he gave his hair one last flick, put the car keys in his pocket, and headed for the door.

"Hey!" Paul said. "Wait for me."

"Can't. I have to go right now."

"Then what's the idea of taking the car keys?"

"I am taking the car keys," Glen said, with elaborate patience, "because I am taking the car."

"You aren't!" Paul said. "If you take the car, how am I going to get there?"

"Walk," Glen said briefly. "A short walk, one you take quite often. Whereas I really happen to need the car."

"Glen! Paul!" Sybil cried excitedly, sure that the boys had been fighting over her.

Paul hesitated. His first feeling was one of righteous and furious anger, but he really was on ticklish ground, and he knew it. After all, Glen did own half the car. They had bought it together, and neither could possibly have managed it alone. Glen had put in most of the money and Paul had put in most of the work.

It was second-hand and broken-down when they got it, but hard work, spare parts, and a lot of loving care had turned it into something pretty good. It was Paul's pride and joy, and he spent most of his spare time tinkering with it.

Glen didn't bother. He was no mechanic; he wasn't even a very good driver. So, in spite of Glen having put up more money, in a way Paul had always felt it was his car.

"Now look," he said carefully, "you've got a date. Granted. I also have a date. Granted. We can't either of us ask our girls to walk. We can, however, go together, pick up my date, pick up your date—" He stopped; Glen was shaking his head slowly.

"Well, gee whizz," Paul said, so exasperated that his voice almost cracked. "Now listen, Glen! You know I've got to go in the car! You know I can't ask a girl like Sybil Thompson to walk!"

Glen's eyebrows went up in astonishment, quickly followed by a look of commiseration. "Sybil Thompson?" he

said. "You mean to say you thought Sybil was going with you?"

"But she is!" Paul said.

Glen shook his head. "Sorry, son. That's not what I heard when I was there this afternoon."

"You were there—"

Glen jingled the car keys in his pocket. "Oh, she did say that you'd said something about it a long time ago. But you hadn't said anything about it since, no flowers or anything—" He paused for a meaning second. "So she thought you'd forgotten. She said she'd go with me."

"Flowers!" Paul said, and he could feel his face growing red. Of course, he had forgotten flowers; besides, he should have known better. But he'd been so busy all the afternoon; he'd had so much on his mind about the dance. And Glen had known it, and he'd gone there at the last minute and let Sybil think he'd forgotten.

She should have known better. But, of course, she would rather go with Glen. Of course, she'd rather go with an older man. It was the way it had always worked out for him—all his life. Just because Glen happened to be born a year earlier, Glen got everything. Just because Glen was a bit older—

Please turn to page 10



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GLEN

went through the door, still jingling the car keys. And all of a sudden all the whirling thoughts in Paul's head clashed together in just one knowledge—that Glen had tricked him, and he hated Glen and wanted to hit him.

He lunged after him and down the stairs, but Glen was already out the front door. And Paul, in his underwear, could only go back to his room and slam the door.

They had never got on too well. They didn't show it in public, of course. But at home, being so near the same age and having to share a room, there was a lot to fight about. They were the same size, for one thing, and there never seemed to be enough good ties and clean shirts to go around.

The girls, in their room at the other end of the hall, shared clothes all the time and never seemed to fight about it; they even went together whenever they had to buy anything new, to make sure they both would like it. Maybe it was different for them because they were girls, and it was easy for them to tell their things apart.

But with Glen and Paul it was a steady battle. They fought so much it was surprising that they could share a car, but it had worked out pretty well, especially since Glen felt the way he did about cars.

He was perfectly willing to let Paul drive it all the time, as long as Paul would drive him wherever he wanted to go.

It had worked out pretty well, that is, until to-night. Paul sat on the edge of his bed, his chin in his hands and his thoughts bitter. What a brother, he kept thinking. All the people there are in the world and I had to get that one for my brother.

His anger was so great that he could not even try to express it. He knew that there would be no way out for it, no way out for him, until the moment came—the moment that was sure to come, that had to come—when he caught up with Glen and hit him.

His hands kept doubling up into fists without his knowing it, and he kept hitting at the bed he sat on until he was bought to his senses when he missed and his hand hit the bed post instead of the mattress.

He hit it so hard that the pain was intense. He sat for a minute holding it, actually feeling better because of the pain. When it stopped hurting he got up and began to dress. He would go to the dance. He would go to the dance and he would find Glen and hit him.

He had surprisingly little trouble with his tie, probably because he was not thinking about it. His mother was sitting in the living-room when he came down, working on a needlepoint fire screen that she was making.

"You look very nice, dear," she said. "So grown-up I hardly know you. Here, let me straighten that tie a little." She touched at the tie, changing it hardly at all, her eyes on his face. He knew the look in them—troubled and sad and a little puzzled, the way they always looked when he was scrapping with Glen.

When he got to the school he went around to the back, where all the cars were parked. He didn't want to be seen hanging around the front door;

We're Brothers

Continued from page 9

people would wonder why he didn't go in.

There were quite a lot of cars, and it took him a while to locate his own.

When he did he couldn't believe his eyes. He walked up to it slowly, he put his hand out and touched it, making sure that what he saw was real, and not just a shadow. The boot that had been shiny enough a few hours before to reflect the moon was nothing but a crumpled hunk of metal.

He had thought it wasn't possible for him to be any more angry, and in a way he wasn't. But the way he felt now was much worse, because added to his anger there was the bitter, frustrating knowledge that no amount of hard hitting could make up for this. And, what was worse, he knew that Glen never would understand what he was so upset about. To Glen, as long as the car ran it was all right.

He walked slowly around the car, looking for further damage. There was none. The car next to it, though, had a badly dented bonnet. He could see exactly what had happened. Glen had backed in too fast and had cut his wheel too quickly; Glen never had been able to make a decent job of parking.

Glen had done this and then had gone happily in to the dance, not even caring. Taking Paul's girl. Busting up Paul's car. Not even caring.

He heard the music stop inside the hall, and he started to walk slowly towards it. His hands felt clammy, and he put them in his pockets. Then they felt too hot, and he took them out again quickly.

He was nearly at the edge of the parked cars before he heard the voices. Loud, angry voices; somebody having an argument. Ordinarily he would have stopped to listen, but to-night he cared too much about what he had to do. He was almost past before he realised that one of the voices was Glen's.

It was Glen, sounding superior and amused, the way he always did when he wanted to put something over.

"Now listen," he was saying, and he laughed a little, "you fellows are getting yourselves all worked up about nothing. Take it easy, can't you? Grow up a little."

"We're grown up already, Buster," a hard voice said. "And we don't think we're worked up about nothing. So you better not think so, either, see?"

"All right," Glen said. "All right. So it is something, after all. It's two dents in two cars. Now what do you want me to do about it—fall over in a faint?"

Paul moved cautiously around to where he could see them. There were two men standing and talking to Glen, standing close together and glaring down at him as he leaned, apparently relaxed and unworried, against another car. Paul recognised the men—the blond one was Bud Tait, who had been the hero of the football team when he had been at school, about six years before, and the other one was Lester Hirst.

Bud and Lester hadn't done much since they left school; not what people had expected of them, anyway. Now they

just seemed to hang around together, occasionally getting very drunk.

Nobody knew what they did for a living exactly. They didn't have any visible income, but they did have a new car. And Glen had dented it badly.

"What I want you to do," Bud said, "is very simple. I want you to have my car fixed. That's all."

"And what if I won't?" Glen asked. "In the first place," he said, "what makes you think it's my fault? We were both backing there at the same time. We bumped. Why is it my fault more than yours?"

Bud gave an unpleasant snort of laughter.

"What makes me think it's your fault," he asked, "is that you're the one who backed into Lester. He turned back to Glen, and his voice was different. "Because you can't drive. Everybody in town knows you can't drive. You back up like an old woman."

Paul felt suddenly uncomfortable. It was true, of course. A few minutes before he had been ready to say the same thing to Glen—the same thing and lots worse. But that was different. Glen was his brother. He had a right to say those things about his own brother. But it sounded different coming from a stranger.

PAUL couldn't help thinking how well Glen took it. He didn't even seem annoyed.

"That still doesn't say I was wrong this time," he said. "Besides that, my car got dented, too. What about that?"

"Your car!" Bud said. "As though a few dents made any difference on a crate like that."

Paul felt his hands making fists again, all of their own accord.

Glen's voice was still amused, still controlled. "Why, it makes more difference on our car than it does on yours," he said.

"More difference? On a pile of junk like that?"

"You just don't understand about cars," Glen said. "Take yours, for instance. If you want anything fixed all you've got to do is drive into a garage and they've got the fixings—same number of paint, everything. Then take ours—if we want anything new we have to comb the junkyards."

Paul listened, surprised. Glen did understand, just a little, after all.

"All I understand," Bud said, "is that you're stalling, and I don't like it." And his fist swung suddenly, without a second's warning, and cracked against Glen's jaw.

Glen was on his feet in a second, more dazed and surprised than hurt, his fists coming up slowly. Bud hit him again, just a quick jab, enough to back him against the car, but by that time Paul had moved in. He moved in, fast and hard, really meaning it—not just bluffing.

All the anger that had been in him came bursting out now, came bursting out against this bully who would hit a man while he had his hands in his pockets, who had insulted his car, who had attacked his brother. All the furious blows that were going to be struck at Glen were struck, instead, for Glen, and Paul was surprised to find that it felt just as good.

ACTUALLY,

it wasn't much of a fight. Paul kept hammering away at Bud and trying—not always successfully—to duck the blows that Bud was throwing at him. Glen had taken on Lester. Paul could not take the time to turn around and see how he was making out, but once he heard Glen make a noise that was almost like a laugh and heard him say, "That's showing 'em, kid!"

Paul was not so sure. He had already discovered that Bud had a very hard jaw and very long arms. He kept on swinging at him, anyway; there was a release and almost a pleasure in the fighting.

But he did not have to hold out long. The policeman's whistle cut sharply through all the other noises, and Bud and Lester suddenly turned into statues. Paul saw Bud's head move in a quick, imperious gesture, and then the two of them turned and walked away. After a minute they heard a car start.

Glen grinned at Paul. "They don't seem to like police much," he said.

The policeman's torch picked them out suddenly, blinding them, blocking out the moonlight. He said, "Hey, you two, what's going on here? Were you two fighting?"

"Fighting?" Glen said in mock surprise. "Why, what would be fighting about? We're brothers."

"Oh! Well, if you weren't fighting, what was all the noise about?"

"I was showing him a new dance step," Glen said.

"Show it to him inside," the policeman said disgustedly. "Come on, get moving." He moved away between the rows of cars, flashing his light into them as he went.

Glen took a comb out of his pocket and, using the window of a parked car, started to comb his hair. Paul watched him, considering. He had come here to punch Glen and now would be a good time to do it. This was just the way he had planned for things to be—himself and Glen alone out here.

But the knuckles of his right hand were already reminding him that he had been doing quite a bit of punching already. And, anyway, somehow he didn't care so much about it any more.

It would be silly to rescue Glen from Bud Tait and then turn around and attack him himself.

That was something to think about, too. Glen was older, but it was he, Paul, who had done the best fighting.

"Don't be all night," he said. "And let me have the comb when you're through."

Glen handed it to him in silence and Paul moved closer to the window of the car. In the moonlight he could see himself pretty well. His lip was swelling a little and one eye looked very odd, but except for that he looked all right.

"You know," Glen said softly to his back. "I'm sorry about to-night, kid. It was a dirty trick."

"It stank," Paul said. He was so surprised that he was able to say it so calmly, usually if he and Glen tried to talk something over he got excited right away. He was always so sure he was going to get the worst of things that he flew off the handle.

Please turn to page 39

MINER'S LUCK

A short story complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED

By M. A. KNACK

BY KEMBLE

GOLDIE MACK, the old prospector, the dreamer, was dreaming again. He stood with a bucket of milk in each hand, half-way up the incline that runs from the cowards to the picket fence surrounding the homestead, and his mind was far away. In the east, the newly arisen sun shed its rays over the countryside of "Bullaroo" station, lighting up the higher ground in a yellow glow, and leaving the hollows steeped in misty blue.

"Cream!" he muttered. "With a red roof and green shutters." A dreamy smile crossed his face. "I'll have a garden, too. Some roses, and violets. And I think maybe I'll get a dog. Just for company. But I wish I'd strike it soon," he mused, rubbing his bristly old chin. "I must have a look around the gorge to-morrow if I get a chance."

"Goldie! Hurry up with that milk," Jane, the cook, shouted from the kitchen door.

"Coming." He lifted the buckets and moved towards the dairy.

"What were you standing gaping at the sun for? Ain't you never seen it rise before?" Jane asked him.

"I was just thinkin'."

"Huh! Dreaming of that gold again, I suppose."

"Maybe," Goldie said with a sigh.

"Well, this is no time for star-gazing. I've got the breakfast to get, and I need that milk, so get a move on."

"Are the boys up yet?"

"No! Boss told 'em to take it easy to-day, seeing as how they're musterin' the gorge to-morrow."

"I'm goin', too. Takin' Willie's place. He's not well enough."

"Huh!" She sniffed. "Putting it on, more like. There's no doubt about some people. They just don't like to work hard. Anyhow, if you're goin' out, you'd better take it easy, too. You ain't as young as you used to be."

"I'm not seventy yet." The old man glared indignantly at her. "And I'm as spry as any of the others."

"Maybe you are, and maybe you're not. That's a matter of opinion. And you're not far off seventy. Now, go and chop me some wood."

High on the mountain ridge that separates "Bullaroo" from "Cluden," Goldie and the Boss and the four stockmen halted the cattle near the mouth of the gorge and prepared their lunches. When they had eaten, Goldie rose and stretched himself.

"I think I'll take a walk while you fellows are having a smoke," he said.

"Where are you going?" the Boss asked.

"Just over the side a little way. Give me a yell when you're ready."

He moved off and was soon stumbling down the steep sides of the gorge. He moved carefully along, stopping here and there to examine the rock formations, and finally his interest was caught by something a little lower down. He hurriedly scrambled down to another ledge and groped along until he found what he was seeking. It was as he thought. A reel of quartz. He excitedly scraped the earth away with his hands, looking for further evidences of gold.

A shout from the top of the gorge attracted his attention.

"Oh, drat it!" he said. "I'll have to go now. Just when it looks interesting. I'll mark the place and come back next week-end."

Carefully noting two prominent landmarks, he retraced his steps to the top.

"Did you find anything?" the men laughed.

"I don't know. I think perhaps I'll come back next week-end."

"Poor old fellow. It must be awful to get that way," Joe, the head stockman, patted him on the back.

"You can all laugh. You'll see!" Goldie said.

"Hm! It must be good, boys. You won't be greedy when you get all the dough, will you, Goldie? You'll at least shout for us?" Joe smiled at the other men.

"Don't take any notice of them, Goldie," the Boss said. "You stick to your dreams. Now, boys, we'd better get a move on. Can't keep the cattle waiting any longer."

The following Saturday Goldie saddled his horse and, armed with a pick and carrying his dolly and pan in a split-bag, he rode away from the station. Taking the short-cut that leads to the bottom of the gorge, he arrived at his destination about two hours later. Unsaddling and hobbling his horse, he made himself a makeshift camp, then headed for the cliff.

He plodded along, scrambling over the uneven track, always making for the peculiar rock formation which jutted out from the cliff face and which was one of the landmarks he had noted on his last trip. The going was tough, and he was getting old, so it took some time for him to reach his destination, and then he had to sit and catch his breath before he could bring himself to begin work.

But he finally stood up, and, taking up his pick, began chipping at the reef, and gradually a small pile of broken stones mounted up. When he thought he had enough, he put some in the dolly and crushed it, then emptied the dust into his pan.

Covering it with water from his bag, he sluished it backwards and forwards, brushing

the larger pebbles off with his thumb, until only the dust remained. Then he slowly worked the dust around his pan.

He stared unbelieving at the sight that met his eyes.

It can't be true, he thought. There just can't be all that gold there. I must be getting old. I'm seeing things. I'll have another go at it.

But he wasn't seeing things. It was gold. Running nearly all the way around his pan. Pieces as big as pins' heads.

"I'm not crazy. It's real. I've struck it. At last. It's real. No! No!" He shook his head. "I'll try some more."

Emptying his pan, he wildly doliied more stones and washed them. Again the same results.

"It is gold! I must show the Boss. And the boys. They'll believe me then. They won't laugh at me. I'll peg out my claim, then I'll show them." He hurriedly drove four pegs into the ground, then caught up his pan and a lump of stone, and scrambled wildly down the cliff face.

Sunday night's dinner was in full progress at the men's quarters when the Boss poked his head around the mess door.

"Goldie's rather late, isn't he?"

"Yeah! He said he'd be back for dinner to-night, if not sooner."

"Where did he go?"

"Aw—up the gorge, lookin' for gold, as usual," Pete drawled contemptuously.

"Well, I hope he's all right. Let me know when he returns."

"O.K., Boss."

Two hours later, when there was still no

sign of Goldie, the Boss called the boys together, and decided to look for him. They rode along the track Goldie had taken the day previously, and presently came upon his hobbled horse grazing near his camp.

"There's his horse. He must be here somewhere. Give him a cooee."

The weird call sounded through the bush, but there was no reply.

"I don't like it, boys. Something must be wrong. Try again."

Once more the call echoed through the night, but only the cry of a mopoke broke the stillness.

"We'll have to go and look for him." They moved towards the steep wall.

Suddenly Joe pointed.

"Wait a minute, Boss. What's that over there?" someone asked, indicating a dark object near a boulder.

"Come on! We'll see what it is." They hurried over to the spot and came upon Goldie's huddled body. Joe dropped to his knees and gently turned the old chap over.

"Is he dead?" someone asked.

"Afraid so! His neck's broken. He must have slipped and fell. Poor old chap. He didn't find his gold mine after all."

"We'll have to take him back home." The Boss broke the silence that had fallen.

"Wait a minute . . . what's that in his hand?"

Joe gently opened the old hand and removed the lump of quartz.

"A stone!" he said vehemently. "A damned stone," and, turning, he threw it savagely into the undergrowth.

Soberly they lifted him and bore him away.

(Copyright)



Goldie doliied more stones and washed them. The result was just the same.

Dedication

A short story by
BETH DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GREEN

As a team they were a

THE PAGES stood in the spotlight on the apron of the huge stage—bowing, smiling, holding hands. Even after they withdrew through the centre of the drawn curtains the applause persisted. Gail knew Tex would like to take another bow, but she turned and glided swiftly off the ice.

"What's the idea?" Tex protested, following.

Gail sank on to a chair in the wings and reached for her skate-guards. "You were late again!" She snapped it out between panting breaths. "Every time now you're late on that second entrance."

"I know." He gave an easy smile to a respectful cluster of briefly-clad ice girls as they passed. "But what the heck! Look at the hand we got."

"That's not the point," Gail said sharply, as she stood up. "Come on"—she walked over to the waiting elevator—"I want to talk to you." She knew it sounded bossy, and she knew, too, that Tex was giving her one of his here-we-go-again looks, but she was careful to keep her eyes away from him.

Going up in the elevator, she took off the wide golden cuffs of her sleeveless costume, and pushed her hair back from her streaming face.

Tex mopped his neck. He was angry, Gail knew. So was she. But she had a good reason. Each show his work was getting sloppier.

"They clomped along the corridor on their skates. 'I'll be in as soon as I get my things off,' Tex said as they reached her door."

"Hey!" The famous singing Duskie Doyle of films, radio, and television waved from further down the hall. "That applause you two got nearly busted the public address system up here. How good can you get, anyway?"

"Oh, us!" Tex said, with just the right note of deprecation, and Gail could have slain Duskie. While there was all this praise around for Tex to lap up, a fat chance there was of getting him back on his toes.

"Never mind taking your things off; it's now I want to talk to you," she said, and if she sounded dictatorial she couldn't help it.

Flipping on the light switch, she started to undo the back fastening of her dress.

"Cut out the independence," Tex said gruffly. He undid the hook, then he turned her around and took her in his arms and kissed her.

Gail let him. Oh, golly, she loved him. But even while he held her so close she knew she must say the things that had to be said. Things that had been adding up and adding up since they opened in this engagement.

She drew away finally.

"Tex, what's gone wrong with your work?" It came out more like a caress than a reprimand. "Now we've got to the top you don't seem to care any more."

He went over to the dressing-table, looked at himself in the mirror, and took up a cigarette.

"We're getting by all right," he muttered.

Gail stopped in the act of putting her costume on a hanger. "Getting by! Those are words nobody's going to use for The Pages. Least of all you, Tex." She banged the hanger on a hook behind the door. "What's got into you?"

"Calm down, calm down!" He blew out a cloud of smoke and sprawled on the couch. "With the publicity we're getting we have nothing to worry about."

"Oh, no?" She snatched up a newspaper lying on the small armchair. "Well, a couple of people, not naming names, have taken good care I saw this." She pointed to a column. "I'll read it to you. Maybe it'll go deeper that way: The Pages are piling up applause at The Royal. Gail is really a gale, but Tex seems to sweep along mostly on her power."

She crumpled the paper unhappily. "Sorry, darling. A couple of weeks ago I'd have fallen over myself not to let you see that."

great success, but Gail felt perfection was still a long way off

Tex laughed and stood up. "It doesn't worry me. There are other newspapers. Wait till you see a clipping I have in my room." He was back in a minute. "Look at the caption under this photo of us."

Gail looked: "The Pages are turning over like nobody's business at The Royal. And with handsome Tex smiling like this, which, gals, of the two would you say is Page One?"

"I-I didn't show it to you before," Tex said a little lamely.

There was quiet in the room a moment, then Gail sat down before the mirror. "That's O.K. You're certainly number one with me, too. But bad work is something else again. We agreed I'm captain of the team, and with Grif over in London you just have to take the fault-finding from me. I wish Grif would hurry back. In fact, I wish we didn't have a manager with so many irons in the fire."

"But think of the money he gets us!"

"Well, anyway," Gail went back to the point, "we'll have to go through the whole number to-night when the show's over." There was a knock on the door. "Come in!" she called.

It was Duskie. "Hi!" she greeted them, then broke into song. "If you should be-e-e, untrue to me-e-e," her hands went up to Tex's smiling face, "my heart would t-t-o-p!"

Tex's arms went around her, and they danced across the small room, then Duskie abruptly broke away from him.

"What am I doing here? Don't I know I'm giving a party? I should be home now. Don't be late, both of you."

"Can't come, Dusk," Tex said. "Simon Legree here says we have to rehearse. I'm coming in half a bar late, or something."

Duskie was half-way out of the room. She turned. "Gail! You rat! What do you want—perfection? Of course you're coming—both of you." The elevator door clanked open down the hall. "Hold it!" she yelled, and disappeared from sight.

"Duskie Doyle," Tex murmured. "The name's as pretty as she is." He began to undo his jacket. "I wonder who else she's invited. I hear she always has topnotchers. Aren't we the tower of the Empire State—going to parties like that?"

"We're not going, Tex," Gail said. "I told you before. We'll be on the ice till one or two o'clock." She hated saying it.

Tex had his jacket half off, and was starting to go to his own room. He stopped.

"You mean you'll be on the ice," he said. "I'm going to the party. This work complex of yours is driving me nuts. Tex, you're late again! So what? If I wasn't late I'd probably be early. No one's on the dot every time—except you. And one blasted perfectionist in the family's enough, believe me."

Gail managed not to say anything. She knew it was galling for him to have her in charge of the work. Blowing his top occasionally gave his self-esteem a lift. He went out, giving the door a bang that probably helped him.

Gail's hands dropped to her lap, and she looked in the mirror at the bland surface of the closed door.

Suddenly she tugged at the bobby-pins in her hair, wrenched off the sham flowers and flung herself on the couch.

This awful quarrelling—when they'd been so crazy about each other!

She had been starring in a tank show in a Cleveland hotel when Tex came into the line after the rodeo he was in had folded.

Gail starred in the tank shows, and Tex stayed in the line, then in their off time they practised. Practised till Tex would say she was crazy. Surely they were good enough together now. But Gail wanted it always better.

Then one night when they were working in Chicago half the cast got snowbound in a heavy storm, and improvisations had to stretch out the show. She and Tex had put on a skated love story they'd been slaving over. They finished with the fashionable audience hushed. Gail could remember a moment's confused thought: "But we weren't too bad! What's the matter?" Then had come the applause. And that was how they went over.

Soon after that they married.

From then on they were The Pages, and did a pair number in the show, but Gail wouldn't repeat Love Story. "Not till we've done a few more thousand hours of work on the thing," Tex would explain to their friends.

Word travelled around about the performance on that stormy night, and soon offers for them as a team began to come in.

Abruptly, Gail sat upright.

That was the time she should have pulled Tex up

short—when he protested her intention of refusing the offers.

"So we're not a perfect team yet!" he'd said. "But these guys aren't asking for perfection. They just want a good show. We can give them that, Gay. And we'll go on getting better all the time till bingo!—there'll be our names in lights in New York. Baby, you're crazy if you turn these offers down."

When you haven't been married very long to anyone as wonderful as Tex, you hate to extinguish such happiness. Besides, he promised he'd work like a dog. So they had accepted one of the offers.

Then Grif Havenstead had come into the picture.

"I don't want us to have a manager yet," she'd told Tex. "He'll push us and we'll go about rehabbing old stuff and won't have time to work on the new ideas."

Tex disagreed and somehow they soon did have Grif as their manager, and, just as Gail had predicted, he sent them scooting around the country and there was hardly any time to work on new pieces.

Maybe she was too hard on him now. After all, it was natural enough for that small-boy quality in Tex to carry over into his being flattered and pleased at an invitation from the spectacular Duskie Doyle.

Gail frowned at herself. She should have seen that before. But she could fix it easily enough. She'd go to the party with him. They'd have fun together and everything would be all right again.

She went soberly to her dressing-table and took extra care to make herself look attractive.

By the time she arrived at Duskie's glittering, modernistic suite on Park Avenue the party was going strong.

Gail looked around for Tex and saw him talking away to a radiant blonde. He seemed even better-looking than usual in his dinner jacket and plainly finding everything right up his alley.

Gail stood there uncertainly, wishing she hadn't come.

Duskie came over to her. "You're not worried, are you?" she asked with her usual directness.

Gail looked at the oblivious Tex. "Yes, I'm worried," she said. "He's been doing downright bad work and at this rate what do you think it'll be like tomorrow?"

"Who cares about to-morrow to-night?"

"I do," Gail said. "Tex has made me so mad this last week—"

"Listen, darling! Will you let little old Duskie say a word? I'm saying it, anyway, because I like you. You and Tex had better watch out. You've got two loves—your work and Tex. He's got only one—himself."

"That isn't true!" Gail blazed.

Please turn to page 38

Gail turned sharply as Tex angrily said, "I can see I'm not wanted. I'll leave you alone with Grif."



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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 33

January 16, 1952

HIGH HONORS FOR WOMEN

FEW women believe they have the solution to the mess men have made of the world.

Few of them would be forthcoming with a blueprint for a better world. Their talent is for work rather than theory.

In practical ways, with whatever means they've found to hand, they have improved many of the worst spots.

Being practical, they rarely campaign for an advantage in the nebulous tomorrow. They prefer to work for the good of to-day, realising that to build a better world for themselves is to build a better world for their children, too.

Being realists, they have expected little reward or recognition beyond the accomplished good itself.

Recognition did come to some in the New Year honors. The services for which the King honored them were typical of women's high humanitarian endeavors in a world of cruel and selfish motives.

Services to nursing, to social welfare, to pre-school education, and to charity were conspicuous in the Australian list.

Gladys Moncrieff's selfless work for the fighting men of three wars was acclaimed. So was the dedicated work—even during the Japanese occupation—of a Catholic nun at a leprosarium and of the sister-in-charge of a Methodist hospital in New Ireland.

Significantly, the women figuring in the military honors were given Red Cross awards.

By and large, women devote themselves towards softening the harshness of life.

Without their continuing efforts the world would not merely be in an evil mess; it would be chaos.

BOOK REVIEW

By PATRICIA ROLFE

UNATTAINABLE love is a recurring theme in Charles Morgan's novels.

In "A Breeze of Morning" he returns to the idea of his first novel, "Portrait in a Mirror"—a boy's hopeless adoration of a woman some years his senior, and his inevitable disillusion, which makes it difficult for him to love again.

The introspections and uncertainties of the boy, David, gain added point by contrast with his ordinary life, centred on studying for an Eton scholarship. He turns aside from his adoration of Rose Letterby to study Latin prose with her father.

To Charles Morgan plot is subsidiary to the exposition of the emotions and the development of character.

As an artist paints the same subject again and again, so Morgan returns to the themes which absorb him.

For those coming fresh to Charles Morgan, "A Breeze of Morning" is a fine example of his exquisite style and a

clear statement of his fundamental attitudes. But for the happy band which has long admired his writing, his latest book becomes much more interesting if considered alongside his first.

"Portrait in a Mirror" was the product of Morgan's thirties. He is now 57.

"A Breeze of Morning" is more objective than "Portrait in a Mirror," but less convincing, more assured but less moving.

Morgan's prose is as fastidious as ever. It defies the most diligent search for an awkward phrase or a mis-

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A BREEZE OF MORNING
By
Charles Morgan

placed word. It is a constant delight to the eye and ear.

But on some pages of "A Breeze of Morning" the prose seems a mere hollow beating of angels' wings.

Mr. Morgan seems to have erected painstakingly, prism by prism, an elaborate staling mite, which will in an instant crumble and melt, leaving nothing.

The pain and disillusion of "Portrait in a Mirror" are in "A Breeze of Morning," but Charles Morgan is 57. He remembers, perhaps, even more clearly than he did when he was 30 what young love is but the hurt has gone.

The reader who admires "The Fortress" and "Sparky broke" will realise when he sets "A Breeze of Morning" aside that Mr. Morgan is growing old. Then he will realise that he himself, also, is older too.

"A Breeze of Morning" is published by Macmillan's. On copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

OUR COVER

... shows Della Oake, one of the London mannequins who will appear in the British Vogue Export Book Parades opening in Sydney on January 19. She is wearing Dereta's cardinal-red fitted wool coat. The winged black hat repeats the line of the sleeves. There are other pictures on pages 26 and 27.

This week:

● All nations meet in the construction camps of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme. When staff reporter Betty Best and photographer Ron Berg stayed at Island Bend Camp, the regional headquarters from which they travelled to get the story on pages 16 and 17, they were greeted in a Glasgow accent, transported by a Cockney driver, and shown to their rooms by a Latvian and an Austrian girl. Their first meal was cooked by a Czech and served by an Australian ex-jockey.

Naturally tastes differ among so many nationalities. When construction gangs were working 24 hours a day on an urgent strip of road, officers from Island Bend ran emergency rations up the mountains to night shifts during blizzards. One night hot soup and stew were delivered to a European truck driver who had battled through six hours of sleet to get it.

"Same to-morrow night, Bill?" asked the deliverers.

"If it's not too much trouble," said Bill shyly, "I'd rather have a bit of trifle."

● Beth Dutton, author of "Dedication," the short story opening on pages 12 and 13, was born in Queensland, is now an American citizen. She lives on the fifteenth floor of a Manhattan building near Central Park, New York. Her stories have been published in England, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, Sweden, and Denmark.

● Rivets fans will miss him from the paper this week. Lately his cartoons have been as scarce as butter in New South Wales. However, we shall use them from time to time, whenever they are available.

Next week:

● Splendid work has been done this summer by voluntary bushfire brigades. In the next issue is a color feature showing the job done by a typical group of volunteers in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W. Other color features next week include the latest thing in stockings and the landscape garden of a beautiful Australian home.

MODERN MURAL

● On this page are pictures of a mural recently completed by Edgar Ritchard, Australian artist brother of actor Cyril Ritchard.

The mural measures 116ft. by 6ft. and took a year to paint.

It was commissioned by ex-Guards Captain R. G. Briscoe for the great hall of his country home, Longstowe Hall, Cambridgeshire.

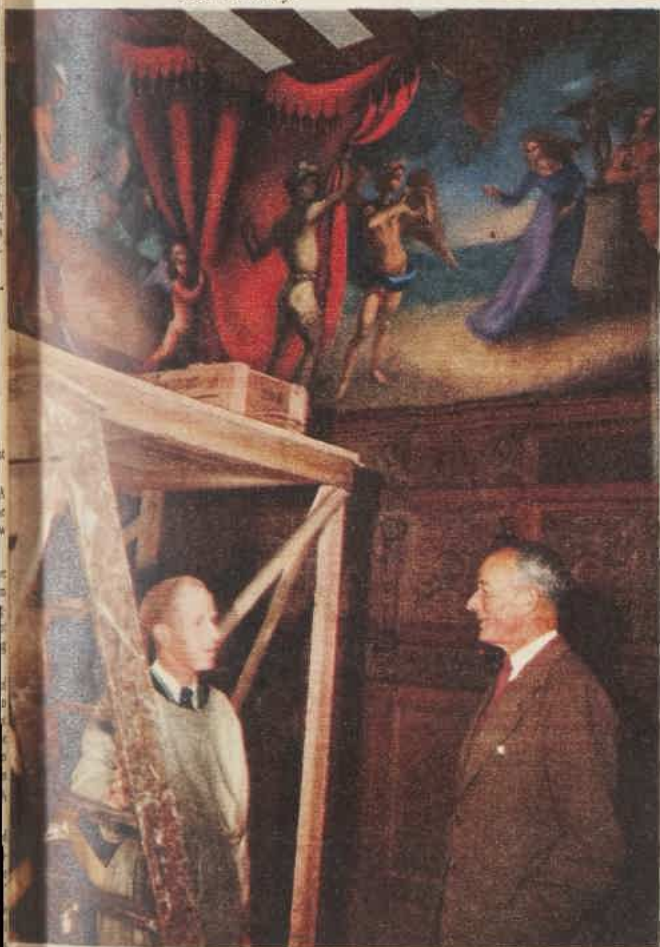
Captain Briscoe is visiting Australia and New Zealand this month.

Photographs taken specially for us by Alec Murray.



MURAL borders the lofty ceiling of the hall (above) and is itself topped by the minstrels' gallery. Edgar Ritchard rough-sketched his ideas last year while in Portugal, and designed the work to conform with the existing Elizabethan timbering.

FOLLOWING the custom of Italian Renaissance painters, Edgar Ritchard included a member of the family in his mural. At right, the girl feeding the white dove is Mrs. David Hirst, Captain Briscoe's niece.



ARTIST Edgar Ritchard with Captain Briscoe. Most of the painting was done on composition board, which was then screwed to the wall. Oil paint was specially mixed to dry matt.

LONGSTOWE HALL (right), a typically magnificent Elizabethan manor house, which was restored by Captain Briscoe's father. Captain Briscoe is Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire.





MUNYANG CAMP SITE on the banks of the Snowy River is surrounded by snow-capped peaks, even in the middle of summer. When the Norwegians working there have finished their job, a three-mile tunnel will run under the mountain in the background,

carrying water to the top of the clearing (at right). From there it will drop down race-lines to a powerhouse below. The course of the Munyang River, which joins the Snowy, was diverted to make room for the powerhouse at the foot of the mountain.

"Little Norway" in the Snowy Mountains

Scandinavians on big project say the Alps remind them of home

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

High up in the Australian Alps, surrounded by snow-capped mountains and flower-covered hillsides, 250 Norwegians are working round the clock on an important section of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme.

STATIONED at Munyang and Guthega camps, 5000 feet above sea level, they are building a dam across the Snowy at Guthega, to be completed by June 1954, a three mile tunnel under a mountain, and a powerhouse at Munyang.

In three months they have diverted the Munyang River, bulldozed and hacked their way over precipitous mountainsides, blasted foundations for bridges, roads, and buildings, constructed offices, barracks, and mess halls.

Their camps are little Norways in the heart of the Australian Alps.

Most of the men, who are employed by fellow Norwegian Frederick Selmer, second largest engineering contractor in Norway, are used to working on huge construction jobs.

Half of them have worked for Selmers for many years, and several of them have fathers who belong to the firm. One family of four brothers arrived at Munyang camp together.

The boys, Nordal, Thor, Arnold, and Einar Birkeland, went to sea when they left school.

By taking jobs with the

Snowy River project they have been able to stick together and still satisfy their urge for travel.

Like most Norwegians they have an all-consuming ambition to see the world, but in an equally typical manner they regard family ties as being a most important factor in life.

Two are truck drivers, one is a carpenter, and one a painter. They are determined to see as much as they can of Australia.

Jacob Frich, welfare officer and provider, was amused when I asked him if he felt strange here.

"How can I when it is so like Norway?" he said.

"With the mountains and snow and all the wildflowers I often think I am still at home. And when that cold, cold wind comes blowing down—then I am sure that I am."

Mr. Frich is the father of four little girls whose ages range from 11 years to 18 months.

His wife and children followed him to Australia.

"I am so thrilled at the way Australians like to play with their children and spend so much of their spare time with them," Mr. Frich said.

"My wife and I were very happy to find that it is customary here to have the children at home, and not at boarding-school."

"I think Australians are only half like the English. The other half is like the Americans. What pleases us most of all is that everyone is so friendly."

"You see what I mean. I meet you only yesterday and already we are discussing my family like old friends."

Only about 20 per cent. of the Norwegians can speak English and very few of them are as fluent as Jacob Frich.

Already many are hoping to make homes permanently in Australia.

Only a few of the top executives have contracts which provide for bringing out their families.

The company has built only three Swedish prefabricated houses at Munyang Camp. Scores could be used.

At least 50 per cent. of the men are married and have children.

A small band of carpenters, builders, and painters at Munyang are working on a long-range plan for a permanent settlement.

They have approached the authorities in a nearby country town in the hope of buying land and building their own homes there in their spare time.

"If we can do this," one of them told me, "we will save our money and perhaps by the end of the year we may have our families with us."

The welfare officers at both camps are arranging for English classes to start soon.

"We should have some fun with those classes," Jacob Frich said with a wry grin. "They will be conducted by a parson from Jindabyne—and he doesn't speak a word of Norwegian."

BRIDGE-BUILDERS balance precariously on narrow planks of a temporary wooden bridge they are building across the rushing Munyang River, which joins the Snowy near the Munyang Camp.



EVENING SINGSONG in the camp mess is led by the cook, Paul Anderson, whose repertoire ranges from old Norwegian folk songs and sea-chanties to modern popular tunes. Two accordions and a guitar provide accompaniments. The men are planning their own orchestra.



CARPENTER Ola Ussen catches up on his sock darning as he rests outside the barracks with his feet up and without the heavy boots he uses for mountain climbing.



WINCH-DRIVER Johan Nilsen, who comes from the north of Norway, says he is thrilled with the mountain scenery of Australia because it is so like that of his own country. All he wants now is a house for his wife and eight-year-old son.



BUSH FLOWERS to put by his wife's picture were picked by carpenter Karl Voss, father of two. Pictures on these pages were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.



TRADITIONAL Norwegian tools like the krafse used by Arthur Sandelin could not be bought in Australia. The krafse is a scoop and pick in one. A special supply was sent from Norway because the men were used to them, and could work more quickly with them.



AT THE GEARS of a bulldozer Alfred Hellskog, 36, cuts his way into a hillside in the late afternoon sun. Alfred, who is the father of six children, says snakes are the only things he is afraid of in Australia so far.

AGE STAVDAL, 20, one of the camp's youngest workers, is a compressor driver. He came to Australia with his father, who is a supervisor at Guthega Camp. Age plans to attend a university when he has finished his contract.

OTTO ERICHSEN, office manager, who says Sydney traffic frightens him, doesn't mind crossing the Snowy on this wending cable bridge. Otto's wife and three children are living at Cooma.



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Girls who combine two jobs

• Many girls who have just left school are tackling their first jobs this year. Here are five young women who, to satisfy more mature ambitions, combine two jobs.



MILLINER — SINGER

Yvonne Nunn



OFF to Europe this year to continue her singing studies and try her luck at hat designing, Yvonne Nunn, of Garden City, Melbourne, has averaged a 14-hour working day since she came to Sydney last year.

She has been studying for four years to become an opera singer, and now sings arias as part of the floor show in a night-club.

On 12 rehearsal days each month Yvonne does an extra two and a half hours at the night-club and then fits in an hour's singing practice. She also practises singing at weekends and designs and makes all her clothes.

Each day at 1 o'clock she settles down at home to her hat making, with a pint or so of milk beside her to help her resist the afternoon-tea temptation, and works solidly until 5.30 p.m.

Her only millinery equipment is a sewing machine, two blocks, and a kettle.

The results are professional, and Yvonne's hat sales usually begin with people asking her, "Where did you get that lovely model?"

At 5.30 p.m. Yvonne stops for a bite to eat and then dashes to the club, where she is on from 6.45 p.m. to 8 p.m.

The artists then get a break until 11.15 p.m., when their next show starts.

Yvonne rushes home and puts in another three hours on her hats.

She averages a completed hat every two days, yet she has never missed a club show.

"When a representative from Paquin's salon visited Sydney this year, he was impressed with my designs and was kind enough to give me an introduction to take to Paris with me," Yvonne said.

Yvonne recently became engaged to American entertainer Joe Hecht, whom she will meet again in Europe.



TRACER — PIANIST

Roslyn Scott



ATRACER and draughtswoman in the offices of the Electricity Commission in Sydney, Roslyn Scott has a daily nine-to-five job and every week does 20 hours of practice and lessons at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music with an additional 10 hours' music study at home.

"You see," she explains, "I simply can't bear to lead a static life."

Roslyn started learning the piano at 15, but she could not enrol at the Conservatorium until 1949 because her jobs took her to country districts of New South Wales.

Now 25, she is in the first year of the Conservatorium diploma course, studying hard in the hope of becoming a concert pianist.

Except during her holidays, when Roslyn

goes to Grafton, N.S.W., to visit her parents, she lives in a flatette near the city.

As soon as she leaves work she goes to the Conservatorium for three hours' practice, and then home to do her chores and cook a meal.

"I have to keep the washing and cleaning up to date because I spend at least four hours every Saturday at the Conservatorium and wouldn't get time to do it all at the weekend," she says.

Roslyn is engaged to a regular member of the R.A.A.F., Kenneth Holley, who is now in Japan. He is studying engineering.

Roslyn likes to draw and paint as a hobby.

"I have a couple of blank spaces on my walls," she complains, "so I shall just have to get down to it and fill them up with a landscape or two."



WRITER—BARRISTER

Joyce Shewcroft



JOYCE SHEWCROFT'S job as legal adviser to the Australian Broadcasting Commission is full-time in itself.

In addition, she devotes three nights a week to Arts lectures at the Sydney University, Saturday and Sunday afternoons to research at the Mitchell and Public Libraries, takes an active part in a public-speaking society which meets at lunch-time, and has written a novel and a good deal of poetry.

Joyce is doing Arts to widen her scope for writing. With her first try in a national poetry competition she won third prize.

"Most barristers do Arts first and then go on to Law," Joyce explains, "I did the

Barristers' Admission Board examination via the English method, with tutors instead of class lectures. I am the only Sydney woman barrister to do Law that way."

Joyce's office day is packed with responsibilities which involve copyright details and contracts for overseas artists. Since the war she has specialised in Arbitration proceedings.

"When a new interest presents itself I simply fit it in," she says. "There is always time to spare for parties and meeting new people or going to concerts or art shows."

One of her recent "extra" jobs is as honorary legal adviser to the Medical Women's Society of New South Wales.



NEWSAGENT—ACTRESS

Shirley Brindley



COMBINING work in a newsagency with singing lessons and a budding stage career keeps Shirley Brindley, 22, of Allawah, N.S.W., up and doing from 6.30 a.m. till 10.30 p.m. six days a week.

Shirley, who has been doing stage work since she was 16, says that her theatrical ambitions make the long day worth while.

Her parents own the newsagency.

Shirley gets up at 6.30 and does an hour's housework for her mother before going down to the shop. During the day she helps get meals for the family in between her shop

duties, which include office work and sales.

At 6 p.m., when the shop closes, she has just time to catch a train for the theatre.

When she was appearing in "Let's Make an Opera," which started at 7.30 p.m., she had only 15 minutes in which to make up.

Shirley, however, does not treat this as hard work.

"I'm so lucky, you see," she says. "Working for my parents, I can get away for half an hour's singing lesson once a week. And when a show leaves my home State I can go with it without fear of losing my job."



NURSE—TAILORRESS

Mildred Binnie



MILDRED BINNIE, of Cremorne, N.S.W., is a mothercraft nurse who at the age of 33 is not afraid of three years' night study to fit her for a new career.

With more than two of those years behind her, she is now doing the final nine months of a dressmaking and tailoring course while she carries on a full-time job tending young children and babies from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Formerly she used to nurse "living-in," but her time is now strictly controlled.

She goes to a city dressmaking college two evenings a week, and spends another three nights working on her sewing at home.

On her one weekday off she goes in to the college and spends up to six hours at the machine or cutting table. She is a "star pupil."

When she finishes her diploma course, Mildred will either start her own business or work for a tailoring firm.

"With some luck, I may one day be able to design the clothes I produce," she says.

IT'S PANTO TIME



ON STAGE. Above: In a scene from "Mother Hubbard," which is showing this month at the Empire Theatre, Sydney, well-known radio actor Rex (Wacko) Dawe, as the Dame, leads the colorfully clad balletgirls in the hunting scene before going to the cupboard for the famous bone. "Mother Hubbard" has not been produced in Sydney since 1920.

OUT FRONT. Below: The delighted expressions on the faces of these children show that pantomime players are never short of an appreciative reception. Audiences are as ageless as the pantomime itself, and parents who take their children for a holiday treat applaud the slapstick comedy and the vaudeville as rapturously as the youngsters do.



Cherry pickers sing while they work



"EAT ONE, PICK TWO" is the orchardist's edict, followed here by Mrs. Reg Gabbe and Mrs. Herbert Walker. Pickers work in groups, selecting fruit from each tree. Most of them prefer sun hats to tinted glasses, which make it hard for them to distinguish between the colors of ripe and unripe fruit.

Every year in large and small cherry orchards, the picking season lures seasonal workers, city holiday makers, and local housewives.

Some help gather the harvest simply as a profitable Sunday outing in the country. Others seize on the six weeks' seasonal work as a pleasant way of earning extra money.

AT Mr. Arthur Mahon's 23-acre mixed fruit orchard at North Ringwood, on the slopes of a creek in the Victorian Dandenong Ranges, his 400-tree cherry crop was harvested by neighboring housewives.

They sang as they worked, swelling funds for Christmas or adding to their savings for home building and furnishing.

Mr. Mahon said that this season, for the first time in many years, more pickers volunteered than he needed.

He finally entrusted the task to about 12 neighboring housewives — plus an occasional husband, who joined his wife in the orchard to make a pound or so on his days off.

"As a rule women are much quicker pickers than men," Mr. Mahon said.

"They are more deft with their wrists."

"The art of picking lies in giving the stems of bunches to be picked a smart twin with the thumb and forefinger, so that the stems come away cleanly without damaging next year's fruit spur."

Mr. Mahon's "housewives" were allowed to eat as much fruit as they liked on the job.

Surveying waistlines, genial Mrs. William Finnis, a member of the Ringwood C.W.A. Choir and wife of a stock and station agent, decided it would be better if pickers kept on singing.

"Singing is the only way to stop them eating cherries," she explained.

But Mrs. Finnis' efforts were sabotaged by Mrs. Herbert Walker, formerly of Leeds, who, as she worked, imparted her special recipe for the "only way to make real Yorkshire pudding."

In rich North of England accents, Mrs. Walker said to put two tablespoons of flour with a pinch of salt and add a drop of milk to an already whisked egg. She stressed that this mixture had to be beaten thoroughly with the back

of a wooden spoon for about 20 minutes.

"After setting the mixture aside for an hour you should beat in just a drop of cold water," she added.

"Then you pour it into boiling fat in the dish the joint has been cooked in, and bake for twenty minutes."

"It will coom oop like a balloon."

Mrs. Walker and fellow English migrants Mrs. Alex Pickford and Mrs. Robert Gillespie were putting their cherry-picking earnings into home building and furnishing funds.

Mrs. Walker is the wife of an electrician, Mrs. Pickford's husband is a toolmaker, and Mr. Gillespie is an engineer.

Comely Mrs. Reg Gabbe, a grandmother, was one of the first to approach Mr. Mahon when the season opened this year, because she enjoyed working in his orchard so much last year.

Her husband, a Ringwood train-driver, joined her on the job on his days-off.

All the pickers said that although they felt a bit stiff and went to bed early after their first day of picking, the work was not arduous.

They agreed that the holiday outing spirit of the orchard provided a wonderful break from domestic routine.

Some worked from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m.; others, including Mrs. Gabbe, were on the job at 8.30 a.m.

Luncheon was a real picnic every day, eaten stretched out on grassy slopes, with tea provided by Mrs. Mahon, wife of the orchardist.

She appeared on the scene again at afternoon tea time with her huge aluminium teapot and cakes and scones.

The pickers agreed that the juiciest cherries on every tree were the ones already pecked by birds.

STARTING YOUNG. Diane Everett, 2½, daughter of Constable Cyril Everett and Mrs. Everett, took orchardist Arthur Mahon at his word about pickers helping themselves, when she visited her cherry-picking grandmother, Mrs. Reg Gabbe.



HOMEWARD BOUND. Orchardist Arthur Mahon drives draught mare Tiny with a full cargo of cherries and cherry pickers. Each picker, working for 3/6 an hour, harvests about 60lb. of fruit a day. The fruit is gathered into buckets held by belts worn by the pickers, who then tip the fruit into wooden crates. Pictures by staff photographer Johnny Jones.



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ANNABELLE



"Even if you do know him socially, I'd rather you didn't address the managing director as 'Nunky' during office hours."

BUTCH



"Gee, it's beautiful, Butch! In a box, too, just as though you'd bought it."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

POOR results of the "bob-in-the-boat" campaign by New South Wales lifesavers during the holidays are a reproach to surfers.

It would be a great pity if lifesaving patrols on Australian beaches ever lost their voluntary character.

Yet most of the clubs have heavy expenses. A new surf-boat, for instance, costs more than £400.

Lifesavers enjoy their beach activities as a sport as well as a duty, but it is an expensive sport. Because of the discipline they voluntarily impose on themselves, the risks they run, and the service they perform, they should not have to spend so much of their own money.

Individual benefactors often help the surf clubs, but the great mass of the public, protected from danger and the consequences of its own foolishness, contributes very little.

Permanent collection boxes in dressing-sheds with appropriate posters might help. That they would have to be strong and firmly fixed in position is a fact unfortunately established by the miserable thefts from the boat collections during the recent campaign.

FROM time to time medical items appear in the Press which are especially heartening—and I am not referring to the reports of discoveries of sensational new drugs.

The ones I like are those such as the address by Dr. Paul Williams to the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons. He told the distinguished audience that sitting and standing too straight caused backache, that it was healthier to slump a little.

Not long ago an eminent English doctor disposed of the "Early to bed, early to rise" legend. He said that people differed. Some revved up early and some later. So some people ought to rise at midday and go to bed at midnight, which I think is a lovely idea.

Of course, employers would find fault with this practice, just as army sergeants wouldn't like the move towards round shoulders.

But they're both examples of a "health through comfort" move that I approve of, and I intend to cut them all out and keep them in a scrapbook, along with stories of centenarians who attribute their longevity to tobacco, and read them to my great-nephews in my old age.

REMEMBER the old dodge of the woman shopper—buying some items of clothing, sports shirts and scarves, for instance, in the men's department because they were cheaper?

Times have changed. I heard the other day of a man who wanted a bait-basket for fishing. He was shown what he wanted at a sports store, quailed at the price, 27/6.

Walking dimly away, he sighted a batch of women's handbags, including those in fishing-creeper style. One of them was exactly what he needed, and cost 10/-.

JOHAN STEINBECK, in an article in an American magazine, has made a revolutionary suggestion.

He proposes that books be printed on rye bread instead of paper. The reader would never lose his place, since he would eat the pages after reading them. This would make the books thicker (and he avers that in America people will always buy a thick book before a thin book) and it would do away with book lending, which would prevent complaints about not getting them back.

As proof that people like to read while they eat, he cites the Birmingham librarian who earnestly asked subscribers not to use bacon or kippers as bookmarks.

Confirmed in the habit through years of practice, I have formulated several rules. They are: If possible, confine mealtime reading to newspapers and magazines. If reading a book (which must be light in weight), eat American style, with fork in right hand. To weigh down page when necessary, use salt or pepper shaker, never the sauce bottle or milk jug. Never read a borrowed book while eating.

And another trifle—take reasonable care with the subject matter. I remember vividly the shudder with which I pushed away my half-finished dinner while reading Evelyn Waugh's macabre satire on a Californian cemetery, "The Loved One." There are some books—not many—which are definitely unsuitable for meals.

"AT least your horse was sober," said a magistrate in Sydney recently, fining a bottle-oh for being drunk while driving his cart.

One must take what praise one can garner and make the best of one's lot.

And a bottle-oh's horse is a creature whose life is certainly not

Compounded of roses and glamor, but there's one thing nobody thinks,

He's never accused of doping, and no one can say he drinks.

"At least your horse was sober," the magistrate solemnly said,

And the horse, had he been a witness, might have sadly inclined his head:

"The trembling hands that provide us with our cargo of dead marines

"And the ashen faces whose owners were lately so full of beans

"Are a warning, your worship, I tell you, to any hardworking horse

"That, dull though a diet of grass is, far better the pussyfoot course."

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England.



PETER McKAY, of Wilcannia, and his sister, Pat, arrive at the Far West Clinic, Cobar, N.S.W., on their way to the Far West Children's Health Scheme Camp at Manly.



FAMILY LEAVE-TAKING. Sadie Sheriff (left), of Baradine, says good-bye to her brothers and sisters before leaving for the long-awaited holiday at Manly. Sadie has eight brothers and sisters. None of the 154 children from 49 country districts holidaying at the Manly camp had ever seen the sea before.

The holiday of a lifetime



JIMMY HAYWARD, of Baradine, had an affectionate farewell with his pony before leaving for the Far West annual holiday camp at Manly.



FOUR WILCANNIA BOYS arrive at the Far West Clinic, Cobar, on the first leg of their journey to Sydney. They are Cecil Kennedy, Barry Watson, Peter McKay, and Trevor De Goumois. Different children attend the camp each year.



ANTHONY HOWE, of Gwabegar, says good-bye to his father and sets off on the great adventure. The children love the companionship the camp offers.



GIRLS from the Far West holiday camp make the most of every minute in the surf during their three weeks at Manly.

Ike can't put his ukulele down

Entertainer wants to stay in show business because it is such fun

World-famous musical entertainer Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards), now in Sydney, says he started his musical career 33 years ago when he tore four strings from a friend's mandolin and strummed it like a ukulele.

"It was the first time I had played a ukulele, and I have been playing one ever since," he added.

LOOKING more like a pleasant country uncle than a topnotch funny man, Cliff Edwards told me he still found it hard work being funny.

"I'm a bundle of nerves before I go on the stage, every time I do my act," he said. "I think when an artist gets to the stage of being so sure of himself he's not nervous, then he's on the way out."

When I asked him to tell me about himself, he looked deadpan, and blinked his big brown eyes and said there was nothing to tell.

"I'm in show business, have been for years, will be for

years, graduated from vaudeville to pictures, then to television, and now I'm visiting this wonderful country of yours," he said quietly.

I asked him how many films he had been in; he said he couldn't remember.

"Wal, maybe about 127. I guess that's about it," he added, wrinkling his forehead.

"There were all those singing films of the late 1920's and 1930's, so many I can't remember them."

I asked him how old he was.

"Wal, maybe between 30 and 112, I don't rightly know."

"Now, Mr. Edwards," I said firmly, "our readers want to know all about you. My aunt says you were her favorite film star when she was a girl."

"First of all, you call me Cliff and I'll call you Sheila," he countered.

By SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

"And I'm not so keen about people the age of your aunt. I like young folk, about 22. They are full of pep and life. Yep, I love young folk round about me."

"My most famous song is 'Singing in the Rain.'"

"I started singing it in the early 'thirties and haven't finished yet. Every time I see Winnie Churchill he says to me, 'Say Cliff, sing that song, 'Singing in the Rain,' and I sing it to him right away."

"Franklin D. Roosevelt and Eleanor always liked 'Home on the Range,' when I was staying at Hyde Park with them for the week-end."

When I asked Cliff what film stars he had acted with he said in a tired voice:



UKULELE IKE, Cliff Edwards, who is appearing at the Celebrity Club in Sydney, strikes a pose wearing the old hat without which he says he feels lost.

"All of 'em, a list as long as this—Bob Taylor, Joan Crawford, all of them lovely people."

Cliff told me he came up the hard way:

"I had a great struggle in the early days. I was a painter in a shipyard and broke into vaudeville with a pal after lots of hard work," he said.

"My favorite song is 'When You Wish Upon a Star,' which I sang in the film 'Pinocchio,' as the voice of Jiminy Cricket. That was my best film role too."

"I live at the Waldorf Astoria, where lots of famous people live."

Cliff told me his hobbies were eating, sleeping, and reading good books.

"I like reading, especially Plato, Socrates, and Pericles, and biographies," he said seriously.

"I get tired of all the murder and sex in modern fiction. I like something solid, like stories by Somerset Maugham."

I asked Cliff what he thought of the new songs compared with the old favorites of 20 years ago.

"New songs don't seem to last, while the old ones come back again and again," he said.

"I think the old ones have better melodies, and song-writers find it a conundrum to find new rhymes for love, dove, moon, spoon, miss, Swiss," he added, smiling a little.

"Why, only the other day on Broadway, Wolfe Gilbert—you've heard of him—said to me, 'Say, Cliff, have you heard my new song hit?'"

"Why, no, I say, 'What is it?'"

"'Down Yonder,' says Wolfe, laughing right out loud. 'You see, he wrote it in 1917.'"

Cliff said the song was now spreading throughout the U.S. on a great wave of popularity.

Two other old-timers, "Charmaine" and "It Had to Be You" were also on the up and up in the popular hit parade.

When I asked Cliff why he always wore a hat turned up all round, he said:

"I feel lost without this old hat, always wear it, can't go on without it. Funny, isn't it?"

"Show business is kinda shaky at all times, but I guess it is all so much fun it's worth it."

Cliff told me he was not married.

"But I'm very, very, very happy and hope to be in show business for many years yet," he added.

"I'll stick to show business until I get so old that the younger generation will say, 'Just gaze at that elderly gent singing something about 'I love you.'"

Cliff said that during his stay in Australia he would sing "Singing in the Rain," "Paddlin' Madeleine Home," "Charmaine," and "When You Wish Upon a Star"—and any other songs people asked for.

He is singing at the Celebrity Club, Sydney.

She's descended from Dick Turpin and proud of it

English musical-comedy actress Joy Turpin, who will star in "Kiss Me, Kate," which opens at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, early next month, has the right answer to the obvious question.

SHE is a direct descendant of the famous highwayman.

The family is sufficiently proud of the association for Joy to have called her baby son Richard Winston Turpin—"Dick" for short.

The Winston is for another noted Englishman—Churchill.

"Our family still has one of Dick Turpin's pistols," Joy said. "By coincidence, it was found in the very inn that mothers ran for years—the Anchor at Shepperton."

Miss Turpin's husband, Morgan Davies, has come to Australia with her to join the "Kiss Me, Kate" cast.

Joy was selected to take over the dual role of Lilli Vanessi and Katharina for the remainder of the London run of "Kiss Me, Kate" when the star, Patricia Morrison, returned to the United States last month, and for its provincial tour.

However, Miss Turpin decided instead to accept J. C. Williamson's offer to come to Australia.

Sam and Bella Spewak, who wrote the book of "Kiss Me, Kate," saw Miss Turpin's work at rehearsal and said she would be ideal.

"The Davies' met three years ago when both were playing in

another musical, "Carissima," at the Palace Theatre, London.

Joy, blue-eyed and auburn-haired, played the lead opposite Lester Ferguson. Morgan was the villain.

"The first day Morgan bounced up to me," Joy said, "but I gave him the cold shoulder. I'd been warned about him."

But "Carissima" had a near-record run in London. Before the end of it they were married.

Joy Turpin and Morgan Davies have many Australian friends. They know baritone John Cameron very well.

"I was at the Weber Douglas School with Arnold Maters, who is singing now at Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden," Mr. Davies said.

"Before the war I sang in opera at Covent Garden with Harold Williams."

"When the war took me to the north-west frontier of India, and I had to organise a show for the troops, I couldn't think of a suitable opening song that everybody would know. That is, until I remembered 'Waltzing Matilda.'"

Both Joy Turpin and Morgan Davies come from theatre families, and both have the experience for the varied demands of "Kiss Me, Kate."



JOY TURPIN, English musical-comedy actress, who will star in the Australian production of "Kiss Me, Kate," with her Welsh husband, Morgan Davies. Mr. Davies will also appear in "Kiss Me, Kate," which opens in Melbourne early next month.

Joy Turpin has starred not only in musical comedy but in modern drama, Shakespeare, and pantomime.

She is a graduate of Oxford Repertory, from which many fine actors and actresses have gone to London or Stratford.

Morgan Davies has played in open-air Shakespeare—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Regent's Park—and in a string of musical comedies. He has lately appeared on television in "Pagliacci."

Joy's mother, who was a well-known dancer, will bring baby "Dick" Turpin Davies to Australia later.

"How long we stay in Australia will depend on the length of the tour," Joy said. "We

don't care how long that'll be. You never know—we might never go back to England. The show folk who have been to Australia usually have come back with great reluctance."

Valerie Tandy, for instance, who toured Australia with Arthur Askey, is now one of the London leads of "Kiss Me, Kate," which is doing wonderful business. She spends her time giving us glowing talks of her trip. She's dying to come back again.

"We're already resigned to the fact that we can't buy a koala, and will probably get dumped in the surf. But what our friends have told us was enough to make me turn down the London offer and come to Australia instead."



YOUNG AUSTRALIAN Maggie Fitzgibbon (right), who plays the second feminine lead in "Kiss Me, Kate," receives the key of her dressing-room from staid-door-keeper Gwen Jolley, at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne. Miss Fitzgibbon, who comes of a theatrical family, believes her luck changed when she decided to be known professionally as Maggie instead of Margaret.

London Fashions

FOR ROYAL SEASON

★ Here are nine models from the collection to be shown in the British Vogue Export Book Parades opening in Sydney on January 19. Eight mannequins, four from London and four Australians, will display the hundred models that comprise the fashion collection. The models are all British designed, and are typical of the fashions shown in the London autumn and winter collections. The parades will be presented by David Jones in Sydney and Myers in Melbourne and Adelaide.



● Classic English country coat, above, is worn by Della Oake. The coat is made in softest caramel-colored cashmere and was designed by Aquascutum.



● Reversible waterproof coat, left, in navy-blue and brown gabardine, worn by Laura Parnell. By Aquascutum.

● Judy Barraclough models a violet coat, right, by Silhouette de Luxe. The small sand-beige hat is by Otto Lucas.



● Strapless jewel-trimmed red satin model, left, is worn by Laura Parnell. Susan Small model.



● Tailored suit from Jacqmar, right, worn by Jean Downay. The designer is Digby Morton.



● Viscountess Boyle, above, wears a Frederick Starke black halter-necked model.



● A classic grey check flannel suit from Hardy Amies Boutique, above, worn by attractive Della Oaks.



● Bottle-green wool coat with black stripes, above, is designed by Dereta and modelled by Laura Parnell.



● The slim line of Auerbach and Steinitz's dark-green satin dinner dress, above, worn by Della Oaks.

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ARIES (March 21-April 20): For many of you January 18 indicates the end of a chapter. Gain from past experience, but look to the future. Be wary on January 22.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Guard against physical upsets on January 16 and 17 by taking extra care in regard to food. Long-term plans in connection with a business matter may develop on January 21.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Correspondence, communications, advertisements may influence your enterprises on January 16. A regular brainwave could pep up January 22.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Young married couples should find January 20 a day of happiness and a bringer of good fortune. Older Cancer folk may be successful in speculation on January 22.

LEO (July 23-August 22): On January 19 a lucky merry-go-round may wait for you, most unexpectedly, to the very spot you would have chosen. If January 20 fizzles out, remember you've had your fun.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): While you're busy with friends, associates, or that brand-new love affair over the week-end, January 21 or 22 favors your bread-and-butter department of income.

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As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Many Librans are going through big changes in personal relationships, but moral support from those who love you should help. If January 17 is tough, January 18 compensates.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Your ruler, Mars, is about to spend seven months in your sign. He gives energy but also recklessness. Try to strike a happy medium on January 18. Play safe January 22.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Finances deflated after the holidays? A reconciliation on January 17 may be grim. Re-organise on January 21 and you'll soon catch up.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Any changes in your personal affairs should be made now. January 17 should see the Capricorn family off to a new start.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If you've been pushed into the background recently, you'll feel a fresh breeze blowing on January 20. There are big times ahead.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Pisces is not usually a joiner of clubs, but many of you will take an interest in a new group activity. January 16 carries a suggestion. January 20 for outings.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

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Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
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• Disease Control in the Garden.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Around your Eyes, on Eyelids—little dry "crow's feet" come, and skin takes on a darker "crinkled" look.

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RED CROSS INTEREST. Mrs. Hugh R. Black, formerly Gladys Richardson, with her husband at their wedding reception. The bride is the general secretary of the Queensland Red Cross.



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Jeanette Brooks, only daughter of the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks, photographed with her fiancé, Lieut. Robin Byrne, R.N., at a ball in Canberra recently.



FAREWELL PARTY. Mrs. E. H. Smith (left) and Mrs. Bruce Trevelly talk with Lieut.-Commander R. S. Woolrych, of H.M.S. Glory, at party held in the aircraft-carrier before it left for Korea.

Social Gossipings

"If good wishes can make us happy, then we will be," said pretty Jeanette Brooks, daughter of the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks, who has just announced her engagement to Lieut. Robin Byrne, R.N. Her fiancé, who was formerly A.D.C. to Sir Dallas, is at present in England, but will fly to Melbourne early in February.

Jeanette is not yet wearing an engagement ring, as she is waiting for her fiancé to bring it to her personally. Their marriage will take place at Christ Church, South Yarra, on February 12. Jeanette, at the moment, is caught up with a whirl of trousseau shopping, answering letters of felicitation, and parties. After the honeymoon, which will be spent in Victoria, Robin will fly to England. Jeanette, however, will remain with her parents until the

conclusion of the Royal tour, when she will leave in the Orontes to join her husband. The young couple will make their home at Portsmouth, where Robin is doing a signals course.

HOLIDAYING in Tasmania for three months are Mr. and Mrs. William Ditchfield, of Rose Bay. They are spending most of their time with their daughter, Audrey, and her husband, Jim Hughes, in Launceston.

EXCITED passenger bound for London in the Orontes is 15-year-old Joan Robbins, who will study ballet at the Legat School, Tunbridge Wells. She was farewelled by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Robbins, of St. George, Queensland, and brother John, who are now holidaying at Cronulla.

THE first days of January have brought carloads of regulars like homing pigeons to their favorite holiday resort, Terrigal. Days beside the sea are doubly appreciated this season by country folk who have been facing up to extra hot weather and bushfire threats at home.

Well settled in for several weeks' relaxation are "faithfuls" Frank and Blue Thompson, of "Widdien Stud," Muswellbrook, and their children, Patricia, James, and Jane; Frank and Ruth Bragg, of "Rossgole," Aberdeen, with Sally, Sandra, Aline, and Arthur; Fred and Joan Moses, of "Valais," Willow Tree, and their three boys, Michael, Peter, and Fred; and Ken and Phyl Mackay, of "Melbec," Dungog, with Margaret and Jamie.



RECENTLY KNIGHTED Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia in London, with his wife and daughters Lilian, Shirley, and Judith in the garden of their London home, Stoke Lodge. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will be dinner guests at Stoke Lodge on January 29 before they leave for Australia.

THE holiday which newly engaged Pam Humphries and Peter Macgrath were spending at Terrigal with Pam's parents, the Ken Humphries, of Muswellbrook, was interrupted when Peter went into hospital this week for an operation to his knee, the result of a football injury. However, Peter hopes to be able to get back to Terrigal for another week or so before returning to work. Pam's sapphire and diamond ring is much admired by friends at Terrigal.

A MIXTURE of midsummer fashions... the elegant necklace of highly polished and perfectly graded conch shells from New Guinea worn by English visitor Pauline Meagher at Palm Beach... the extremely dashing outside red crinoline hat, edged with matching guipure, worn by Helene Mair, of Canberra, when she lunched at Prince's during a shopping spree in Sydney.

AN overskirt of lace made from a one-hundred-year-old shawl which had belonged to her great-grandmother will be a feature of the wedding gown to be worn by popular Elaine Blanchard when she marries Bill Gerson Smith, of Melbourne, on January 30. The ceremony will take place in the drawing-room at the home of Elaine's grandmother, Mrs. C. E. McCann, of Bowen Hills, Brisbane. The bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Smith, will travel to Brisbane for the wedding.

LINK between two country families in Queensland and New South Wales will be provided when Elaine Loughnan marries John Denning at St. Philip's Church Hill, on January 17. Elaine is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Loughnan, of "Woolerbilla," Dirranbandi, Queensland. John is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Denning, of Walgett. Many guests will come from Queensland for the wedding. Before settling at Walgett, Elaine and John will go to Melbourne by car.

Anne



VISITING SYDNEY. Wing-Commander Bill Townsend (right), C.O. of the R.A.A.F. Station at East Sale, Victoria, and Mrs. Townsend (left) dine at the Celebrity with Rear-Admiral H. B. Farncomb and Mrs. Farncomb.



COUNTRY INTEREST. John Haslingden and his bride, formerly Helen Chierside, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Chierside, of Bombala, with Mrs. Colin Coghill and Kay Scandrett at their wedding reception at Windsor Gardens.



ENGAGED. Elizabeth Treweek, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Treweek, of Bellevue Hill, photographed with her fiancé, Louis Ballussen.



MR. STAN DRUITT and his bride, formerly Joan Nock, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Nock, of Marsden Park, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill.



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HERE'S A TIP



How To Bring
Out A Steak's
Full Flavour

Choose meat of good quality, 1" to 1½" thick. Beat with wood, then brush over with melted butter or salad oil. Have grill red hot. Grill until brown, turn and brown other side. Lower gas and turn once or twice more until sufficiently cooked.

The secret of success is to serve genuine Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce with every grill. You need only a few drops.



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PERRINS

the original
and genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

Arabella

Continued from page 8

MR. EPWORTH again waved his hand, this time in the direction he vaguely judged to be northward.

"Oh, up there somewhere, ma'am!" he stated. "Yorkshire or some other of those devilish remote counties. Dare say she's a merchant's daughter; wool or cotton or some such thing. Pity, but I shan't regard it; they tell me she's charming!"

"I have heard nothing of this! Who is she? Who told you she was charming?"

"Had it from Fleetwood last night, at the Great Go."

"That rattle! I wish you will not go so often to Water's, Horace. I warn you, it is useless to apply to me. I have not a guinea left in the world, and I dare not ask Mr. Penkridge to assist you until he has forgotten the last time."

"Put me in the way of meeting this gal and I'll kiss my fingers to Penkridge, ma'am," responded Mr. Epworth. "Acquainted with Lady Bridlington, ain't you? The gal's staying there."

She stared at him. "If Arabella Bridlington had an heiress staying with her, she would have boasted of it all over town!"

"No, she wouldn't. Fleetwood particularly told me that the gal don't want it known. Don't like being courted for her fortune. Pretty gal, too, by what Fleetwood says. Name of Tallant."

"I never heard of a Tallant in all my life."

"But, ma'am, why should you? Keep telling you she comes from some outlandish place in the north."

"I would not set the least store by anything Fleetwood told me!"

"Oh, it ain't him!" said Mr. Epworth cheerfully. "He don't know the name, either. It's Beaumaris. Knows all about the family. Vouches for the gal."

Her expression changed; a still sharper look entered her eyes. She said quickly: "Beaumaris?" He nodded.

"If he vouches for her—is she presentable?"

He looked shocked. "Pon my soul, ma'am, you can't be in your senses to ask me such a question! I put it to you, would Beaumaris vouch for a gal that wasn't up to the echo?"

"No, no, he would not," she said decidedly. "If it's true, and she has no vulgar connections, it would be the very thing for you, my dear Horace."

"Just what I was thinking myself, ma'am," said her nephew.

"I will pay Lady Bridlington a morning visit," said Mrs. Penkridge.

"That's it: do the pretty!" Mr. Epworth encouraged her.

"It is tiresome, for I have never been upon intimate terms with her. However, this alters the circumstances. Leave it to me!"

Lady Bridlington did not expect Arabella's first party to be a failure, since she was a good hostess and never offered her guests any but the best wines and refreshments, but that it should prove to be a

wild success had not even entered her head.

She had planned it more with the idea of bringing Arabella to the notice of other hostesses than as a brilliant social event; and although she had invited a good many unattached men, she had little hope of seeing more than half of them in her spacious rooms.

Her main preoccupation was lest Arabella should not be looking her best or should jeopardise her future by some unconventional action or some unlucky reference to that regrettable vicarage home.

All in all, the child behaved very prettily, but once or twice she had seriously alarmed her patroness either by a remark which betrayed all too clearly the modesty of her circumstances—as when she had asked, in front of the butler, whether she should help prepare the rooms for the party—or by some action so odd as to be positively outrageous.

Lady Bridlington would not readily forget the scene outside the Bazaar when she and Arabella, emerging from this mart, found a heavy waggon stationary in the road, with one scraggy horse between its shafts straining under an unsparring lash to set it in motion.

At one instant a demure young lady had been at Lady Bridlington's side; at the next a flaming fury was confronting the astonished waggoner, commanding him, with a stamp of one little foot, to get down from the waggon at once—at once—and not to dare to raise his whip again!

He got down, quite bemused, and stood in front of the small fury, an ox of a man, who cowered away while she berated him. When he had recovered his wits he attempted to justify himself, but failed signally. He was a cruel wretch, unfit to be in charge of a horse, and a dolt besides not to perceive that one of the wheels was jammed, and through his own bad driving no doubt!

He began to be angry and to shout Arabella down, but by this time a couple of chairmen, abandoning their empty vehicle, came across the square, expressing their willingness to champion the lady.

Arabella told the chairmen briskly that she would have no fighting, bade the waggoner observe the obstruction against which one of his rear wheels was jammed, herself went to the horse's head and began to back him.

The chairmen promptly lent their aid; Arabella addressed a short, pithy lecture to the waggoner on the folly and injustice of losing one's temper with animals and rejoined her godmother, saying calmly, "It is mostly ignorance, you know!"

And although she did, when shown the impropriety of her behaviour, say she was sorry to have made a scene in public, it was evident that she was not in the least penitent. She said that Papa would have told her it was her duty to interfere.

But no representations could induce her to say she was sorry for her unbecoming conduct two days later, when she entered her bedchamber to find a very junior housemaid, with a swollen face, lighting the fire.

Beauty in brief:

Hair pin-ups

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Keeping your scalp loose and relaxed by frequent brushing and daily massage is such a simple rule of hair health and beauty that we often overlook it.

BRISK morning brush work we know to be the best way to remove accumulated dust; increase efficiency by using a brush through which cottonwool has been shredded, and change the cottonwool as it becomes soiled.

Those who shampoo and set their own hair will simplify the job by using a wave-set lotion to wind pin curls, particularly where the hair is fine and soft; this lotion is about the consistency of thin hand lotion and encourages the dried hair to comb out into soft waves rather than frizz.

Pour a little lotion into a saucer and, with a pad of cottonwool, moisten each strand of hair before winding it into a pin curl.

Another way of setting hair is to wind your pin curls with the hair quite dry. Then, before tying on a hair-net, dampen each separate curl with a dab of cottonwool dampened in the wave lotion.

It appeared that the girl had toothache.

Lady Bridlington had no desire that any of her servants should suffer from toothache. But to bid the sufferer seat herself in the armchair in the best guest chamber, to give her an Indian silk shawl to wrap round her head and to disturb one's hostess during the sacred hour of her afternoon nap by bursting in upon her with a demand for laudanum, was carrying benevolence to quite undesirable lengths.

LADY BRID- LINGTON did her best to convey the sense of her views to Arabella, but she spoke to deaf ears.

"Dear ma'am, the poor girl is in great pain and I assure you she is in no case to be toiling up and down all these stairs with coal scuttles," said Arabella earnestly. "She should take some drops of laudanum and lie down on her bed."

"Oh, very well," said her ladyship, yielding to the stronger will. "But there is no occasion for you to be putting yourself in this state, my dear! And to be asking one of the under-housemaids to sit down in your bedroom and giving her one of your best shawls—"

"No, no. I have only lent it to her," Arabella said. "She is from the country, you know, ma'am, and I think the other servants have not used her as they ought. She was homesick, and so unhappy! I do believe she wanted someone to be kind to her more than anything else! She has been telling me about her home, and her little sisters and brothers and—"

"Arabella!" uttered Lady Bridlington. "Surely you have not been gossiping with the servants?" She saw her young guest stiffen and added hastily, "I expect you meant it for the best, my dear, but you have no notion how—"

"I hope, ma'am—indeed, I know!" said Arabella, her eyes very bright and her small figure alarmingly rigid, "that not one of Papa's children would pass by a fellow creature in distress!"

It was fast being borne in upon Lady Bridlington that the Reverend Tallant was not

only a grave handicap to his daughter's social advancement but a growing menace to her own comfort.

She was naturally unable to express this conviction to Arabella, so she sank back on her pillows, saying feebly, "Oh, very well, but if people were to hear of it they would think it excessively odd in you, my dear!"

Whatever anyone else might think, it soon became plain that the episode had given her ladyship's upper servants the poorest idea of Arabella's social standing.

Her ladyship's personal maid, a sharp-faced spinster who had grown to middle age in her service, ventured to hint, while she was dressing her mistress's hair that evening, that it was easy to see Miss was not accustomed to living in large and genteel households.

Lady Bridlington allowed Miss Clara Crowle a good deal of licence, but this was going too far. In a few dignified, well-chosen words, she gave her henchwoman to understand that Miss Tallant came from a mansion of awe-inspiring gentility and was quite above considering appearances.

She added, to clinch the matter, that very different customs obtained in the north from those common in London.

Miss Crowle, a little cowed, but with a sting yet left in her tongue, sniffed and said, "So I have always understood, my lady!" She then encountered her mistress' eyes in the mirror and added obsequiously, "Not but what I am sure no one would ever suspect Miss came from the north, my lady, so prettily as she speaks!"

Miss Clara Crowle might be silenced but Arabella's reprehensible conduct gave her hostess some serious qualms and caused her to anticipate her evening party with less than her usual placidity.

But nothing could have gone off better. To ensure that in appearance at least Arabella should do her credit, Lady Bridlington sent no less a personage than Miss Crowle herself to put the finishing touches to her toilet.

Please turn to page 37

Did you
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yourself this
morning?



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for all the family.



REGULAR
SIZE
BATH SIZE

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *The Dancing Years*
ELSTREE'S opulent
technicolor version of
Ivor Novello's long-run
Drury Lane success "The
Dancing Years," which is
an operetta set in Vienna
at the beginning of the
century, holds to the line
of resolute make-believe
that was part of Novello's
box-office appeal.

Filmgoers steeped in jivey
modern musicals may find the
sugary sentiment of this waltz
romance rather cloying.

For others, the bleeding of
tuneful music from Novello's
facile pen with the emotional
story of a broken romance be-
tween a penniless young com-
poser and an operatic star will
have charm.

Dennis Price is a somewhat
stilted figure as Rudi Kleber,
the musician-composer who
makes good with his music but
loses out in love.

Gisèle Préville is delightful
as the opera star, and the
memory one holds of her is of
gay early singing sequences
rather than her later dramatic
scenes, which become her less.

With long blonde braids,
Patricia Dainton is cute in her

youthful devotion to Rudi, and
displays a pretty sense of the
dance as a grown-up young
lady. She helps along the
drama by unwittingly spiking
the romance of Gisèle and
Dennis.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★ Rawhide

IF you like quick-fire
Westerns you will prob-
ably be disappointed in
"Rawhide" (Fox), a film
in which Tyrone Power
displays none of the git-up-
and-go of the conventional
outdoor-hero.

During the era when U.S.
mails went through by stage-
coach and it took 25 days and
25 nights to travel from San
Francisco to St. Louis via the
Jackass mail, a young man
from the east (Tyrone Power),
learning the stage-coach busi-
ness at first hand, is stationed
at Rawhide, a desolate supply
station along the route.

Renegade killer Zimmer-
man (Hugh Marlowe) and a
bunch of escaped convicts hold
up the station wherein sassy
Susan Hayward and her small
niece are also spending the
night in an enforced stop-over.
When gun-smoke clears

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average
or not yet reviewed.

away only Power, the girl, and
baby are alive, and their
struggle for survival occupies
the rest of the action.

Despite flashes of interest-
ing character acting and good
atmospheric camera work, I
became restive while watching
Tyrone Power being bullied or
bludgeoned into constant sub-
mission, for in the long haul
the result is a film that builds
to a climax that just never
happens.

In Sydney—Park.

★ Take Care of My Little Girl

IN "Take Care of My
Little Girl" (Fox)
director Jean Negulesco
examines the system of
American campus sorori-
ties and decides it needs a
shake-up.

A sorority is a sort of upper-
bracket university club for
girls; new students may only
be elected by votes of senior
members of the particular
establishment.

Non-sorority students appar-
ently dwell in democratic cam-
pus dormitories.

Much of the folderol that
goes on in "Take Care of My
Little Girl" will baffle Aus-
tralians, but it is clear that if
what unwinds on the screen is
a fair sample of the snobbish
sadism and cabalistic ritual
that might prevail in the
scramble for election to a so-
rорity house, the attack treat-
ment seems justified.

Confiding, starry-eyed Liz
(Jeanne Crain) arrives at Mid-
western University with a firm
determination to become a
member of Tri-U, which had
been the sorority of her am-
bitious mother.

Because of Liz's background
the sorority world is her oyster,
but less well-placed fellow
students sometimes have a
torrid time trying to make the
grade.

Through a flurry of techni-
color house parties, cokes at
the local Jug Room, initiation
ceremonies, and hand-holding
with attractive newcomer Dale
Robertson along college walks,
Liz gradually reaches the de-
cision that she can survive col-
lege nicely without benefit of
any sorority.

Jean Peters and Betty Lynn
are in the large cast, which in-
cludes a host of attractive-
looking new youngsters.
In Sydney—Eskure.

REMEMBER Ronald Col-
man in "The Prisoner of
Zenda" in the mid-1930's?
The movie is being remade
with Stewart Granger in the
part of a captive monarch
whose double moves in to save
a throne from cut-throat con-
spirators.

NEW YORKERS have taken

Audrey Hepburn, pert
British dancer, to their hos-
pitable hearts. Audrey is
starring on Broadway in
"Gigi," and when her run-
of-the-play contract winds up
she is off to Hollywood to
make "Rosalind" for Para-
mount.

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—"Iron Man," boxing drama starring Jeff
Chandler, Evelyn Keyes, Stephen McNally. Plus "River
Lady," melodrama starring Yvonne de Carlo, Dan
Duray. (Not yet reviewed.)

CENTURY.—★★ "David and Bathsheba," Biblical drama
in technicolor starring Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—"Savage Horde," Western starring William
Elliott, Adrian Booth. Plus "Jungle Goddess." (Not
yet reviewed.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Dancing Years," English musical
set in Vienna starring Dennis Price, Gisèle Préville.
(See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Take Care of My Little Girl," story of
American college life starring Jeanne Crain, Jean
Peters. (See review this page.) Plus "Double Con-
fession."

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in
technicolor starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner,
Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Double Crossbones," technicolor period
comedy starring Donald O'Connor, Helena Carter.
Plus "Abbott and Costello Meet the Invisible Man,"
comedy.

LYRIC.—"Jungle Woman," outdoor melodrama starring
Acquienetta, Evelyn Ankers, J. Carroll Naish. Plus
"The Mummy's Ghost." (Not yet reviewed.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "I Can Get It For You Wholesale,"
modern drama starring Susan Hayward, George San-
ders, Dan Dailey. Plus "On the Loose."

PARK.—★ "Rawhide," dramatic Western starring Tyrone
Power, Susan Hayward. (See review this page.) Plus
"Roadblock."

PLAZA.—★★ "Alice in Wonderland," Disney all-cartoon
adventure. Plus "The Flying Saucer" (evening ses-
sions), featurettes (day sessions).

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Here Comes the Groom," musi-
cal comedy starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman. Plus
featurettes. (Not yet reviewed.)

REGENT.—★ "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," comedy
sequel to earlier Belvedere films starring Clifton Webb,
Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe. Plus "Hard, Fast, and
Beautiful," sporting drama starring Sally Forrest, Claire
Trevor.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Fantasia," Walt Disney musical fantasy
in technicolor.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza
in technicolor starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner,
Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Lorna Doone," technicolor version of period
English novel starring Richard Greene, Barbara Hale,
Ron Randall. Plus "Chain of Circumstance."

VARIETY.—★★★ "Sitting Pretty," domestic comedy star-
ring Clifton Webb, Maureen O'Hara, Robert Young.
Plus "Appointment With Murder," starring John Cal-
vert.

VICTORY.—★ "The Prince Who Was a Thief," techni-
color Eastern adventure starring Tony Curtis, Piper
Laurie. Plus "The Raging Tide," sea drama starring
Stephen McNally, Shelley Winters.

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PERFECT PERMANENT UNTIL THE DAY
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PERM I'VE EVER HAD



Says
PAN-
AMERICAN
Air Hostess

Elva Anderson

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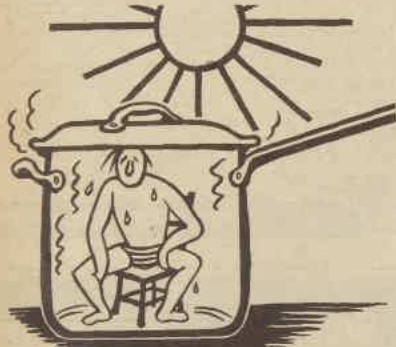
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1 HUNTING party going into Indian territory is led by adventurer Flint Mitchell (Clark Gable), left, and includes Brecan (John Hodiak), centre, and French-Canadian Pierre (Adolph Menjou), left back.



2 UNFRIENDLY braves of the Blackfoot tribe warn party to stay out of territory, despite overtures of friendship made by Flint. The young chief Ironshirt (Ricardo Montalban), centre, is particularly resentful.

WON PULITZER PRIZE



3 MEETING Indian girl Kamiah (Maria Elena Marquess), hardbitten Flint hits upon the idea of marrying her in order to gain influence with her tribe, the Blackfeet.

IN this outdoor epic, based on Bernard DeVeto's Pulitzer Prize story about the struggle of the Blackfeet, an Indian tribe, to retain its lands, M.G.M. has aimed at authenticity.

Screenwriter Talbot Jennings, who adapted "Across the Wide Missouri," learnt the customs of the Blackfeet by spending more than a year on their Montana reservation, and a realistic setting for their story was obtained by sending a production unit to the Rockies of Colorado.



4 ATTACKS increase as the expedition progresses, but a less dangerous route is pointed out to the party by Flint's wife, Kamiah.



5 CAMPING in beaver country, Flint and Kamiah interrupt trapping to visit her grandfather, Blackfoot chief, Bear Ghost (Jack Holt). Bear Ghost's blessing pleases Flint because he begins to appreciate Kamiah as a person.



6 RIDING back to their camp after the visit to Bear Ghost, Flint is delighted when Kamiah tells him that a child will be born to them in the spring. The news makes him realise he loves her.



7 DANGER caused by the increasingly violent attacks from the brash young braves comes to a climax when Bear Ghost, who leads the few friendly Blackfeet, is killed by Ironshirt. Anxiously, Flint waits till his son is born then prepares to move.



8 CARE of his son falls to Flint when Kamiah is killed on the return trip by attacking Indians. After killing Ironshirt, Flint leaves to rear the boy among Kamiah's people.

These eyes have it

★ Deciding who has the loveliest eyes in filmdom is an evergreen topic for discussion. We nominate Constance Smith, Ava Gardner, and Janet Leigh as the owners of specially charming eyes.



CONSTANCE SMITH (above) has wonderful blue eyes of true Irish beauty, together with dark auburn hair. Under a seven years' contract with 20th Century-Fox, the Dublin-born actress stars with Richard Widmark in "Red Skies of Montana," a story of modern bush-fire fighting tactics.

JANET LEIGH (right) caught the glance of movie-goers with her lustrous brown eyes when, as an unknown girl from San Valley, she made her bow in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," with Van Johnson. Janet sings and dances in "Two Tickets to Broadway" (R.K.O.) as co-star of Tony Martin.



AVA GARDNER, of the tantalising green eyes and dark hair, teams up with Clark Gable and Broderick Crawford in "Lone Star," an action drama which is set in the old-time West.



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Cupid starts to fire
his darts + + +



A ROMANTIC courtship, a lovely trousseau, a beautiful wedding and a wonderful honeymoon followed by a lifetime of happiness with her ideal man — these have been the dreams of girls throughout the ages.

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The Commonwealth Savings Bank offers all young couples every encouragement and assistance to save for things that bring lasting happiness and ensure success in marriage.

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Worth Reporting

HEIRESS to the operatic spear and shield recently laid aside by famous Wagnerian soprano Kirsten Flagstad is 27-year-old Australian Marea Wolkowsky.

Flagstad, now 56, sang her last Isolde this year at the Covent Garden Opera House. This month Marea Wolkowsky will fill the place usually taken by Flagstad at the Wagner International Season in Barcelona.

Flagstad's own agent, Horwitz, of Paris, singled out Marea and engaged her for the Barcelona season. She is the first Australian to sing there, and this year will be the only Britisher.

Marea will be one of the youngest Isolde in operatic history. Flagstad did not sing this role until she was 40. For a woman it is the longest of all operatic roles.

Since arriving in Europe a year ago, Marea has sung at the Berlin State Opera House and at the first post-war Wagner festival at Bayreuth. At last year's annual meeting of concert and opera agents in Zurich she was hailed as Flagstad's successor.

The man who brought about Marea's unusually early success is her husband, Curt Prerauer. He has taught her singing since she left North Sydney Girls' High School early in the war. Pupil and teacher married in 1943 when she was 18.

Prerauer has been Marea's only teacher. Until Hitler came to power he was producer at the Berlin Opera.

Marea, though Australian, has had no need to invent a name recognisable in European opera houses. She is the daughter of a Polish father who came to Australia in his youth and fought with the Anzacs at Gallipoli. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cezar Wolkowsky, live at Mosman, Sydney.

IRRITATING news for Sydney people already threatened with a summer flea plague. The N.S.W. Department of Agriculture has placed an order for another 10,000 "Household Insect Pen" brochures.

WHAT will the psychoanalysts make of this? In his autobiography, "We Barrymores," veteran actor Lionel Barrymore discloses that it was the practice of his parents and relatives to free themselves of the baby prattlings of Ethel, John, and himself by saying, "Go away, child, you bother me."

Despite this habit (horri-fying to modern child guidance counsellors), no one has ever found anything stunted with the egos of the Royal Family of Broadway.

Dickens should have been Fat Boy

LIKE many other people, we frequently fall prey to the profitless but pleasurable occupation of wondering what the famous eat.

Thanks to the publicity given Kate Dickens' cookery book, "What Shall We Have For Dinner?" on the recent centenary of its publication, we now know what kind of dinners her husband, Charles Dickens, sat down to.

Like many another woman, Kate had no scruples about using her husband as copy.

Writing as Lady Maria Clutterbuck, she explains in the foreword that "the late Sir Jonas Clutterbuck" was a man of great gastronomic experience, who, unlike many of his friends with less imaginative wives, chose to dine at home more often than at his club.

Owing to this care for his table, the fictitious Lady Maria Clutterbuck says she was able to "secure possession of his esteem until the last."

With astounding hypocrisy Lady Maria writes that only the pleas of her heart-broken women friends made her disclose her menus.

This one for a dinner-party of from six to eight persons is typical of what a guest at the Dickens' would have been served:

Carrot soup. Turbot with shrimp sauce. Lobster patties. Stewed kidneys. Roast saddle of lamb. Boiled turkey. Knuckle of ham. Mashed and brown potatoes. Stewed onions. Cabinet pudding. Blancmange and cream. Macaroni cheese.

Graduates go back to school

"SUNK Mine Farm, Cold Spring on the Hudson," is the enticing address where over-60 graduates of America's famous Vassar College, and their husbands, may attend an educational experiment for the enrichment of the later years of life.

A year of study, work, and recreation in beautiful surroundings is offered those who have a modest income and are free of home or business responsibilities. It is a first-of-its-kind educational experiment.

The venture has been designed to answer the needs of older persons who are still physically fit, still adventurous in their attitude towards life, but in a quandary as to how to spend their new leisure.

The first month will be devoted to orientation courses in problems of adjustment, in world and national affairs, and in the arts and sciences, so that students may choose the interests they wish to follow.

Vassar graduates are contributing furnishings and endowments to provide a four-year reserve fund and maintain certain scholarships which have been made by interested foundations. Students will pay only tuition and living costs.

PERHAPS it's a good thing after all that the government isn't holding out any promise of early television. The expanding wasteline of the television addict has given nutrition experts a new research problem. Dr. Charles G. King, scientific director of New York's Nutrition Foundation, declared recently.

Pendant was Queen Mary's gift

DURING the coming Royal tour of Australia Princess Elizabeth may have the opportunity of seeing a pendant given by Queen Mary in 1901 to Lady Dods, wife of the Governor of Tasmania.

It was admired and commented on by Queen Elizabeth when she visited Australia as Duchess of York in 1927.

It is now in the possession of Lady Dods' daughter, Mrs. Sidney Laws, of Berowra, N.S.W.

Mrs. Laws wore the pendant when she was presented to Queen Elizabeth as the only unmarried woman at the Hobart Mayoral At Home for the Duke and Duchess.

"The Duchess had been told of the pendant being given my mother as a personal gift after King George and Queen Mary had stayed at Government House, Tasmania, and at the At Home she asked to see it," Mrs. Laws said.

The pendant is of gold, white enamel, and diamonds. It bears the letters M.R., surmounted by a diamond crown.

As Mrs. Laws has no daughters, the pendant will be handed down to the future wife of her 14-year-old son.

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Constipation steals holiday fun! Be prepared—keep Laxettes handy! Then whenever any member of the family is irregular, livery, headachy—a dose of Laxettes brings OVERNIGHT RELIEF. Safe, certain and s-m-o-o-t-h. Laxettes cannot gripe, overdose or form a habit. Get some now. 2/6 everywhere.

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Summertime is hair problem time! Highlights fade . . . ends split and perms frizz when sun, wind and salt water dry out natural oils.

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Remember—shampoos and soaps are not enough! You need Napro's extra beauty care to restore natural sheen and suppleness to your hair . . . to make it thrillingly soft and shining.



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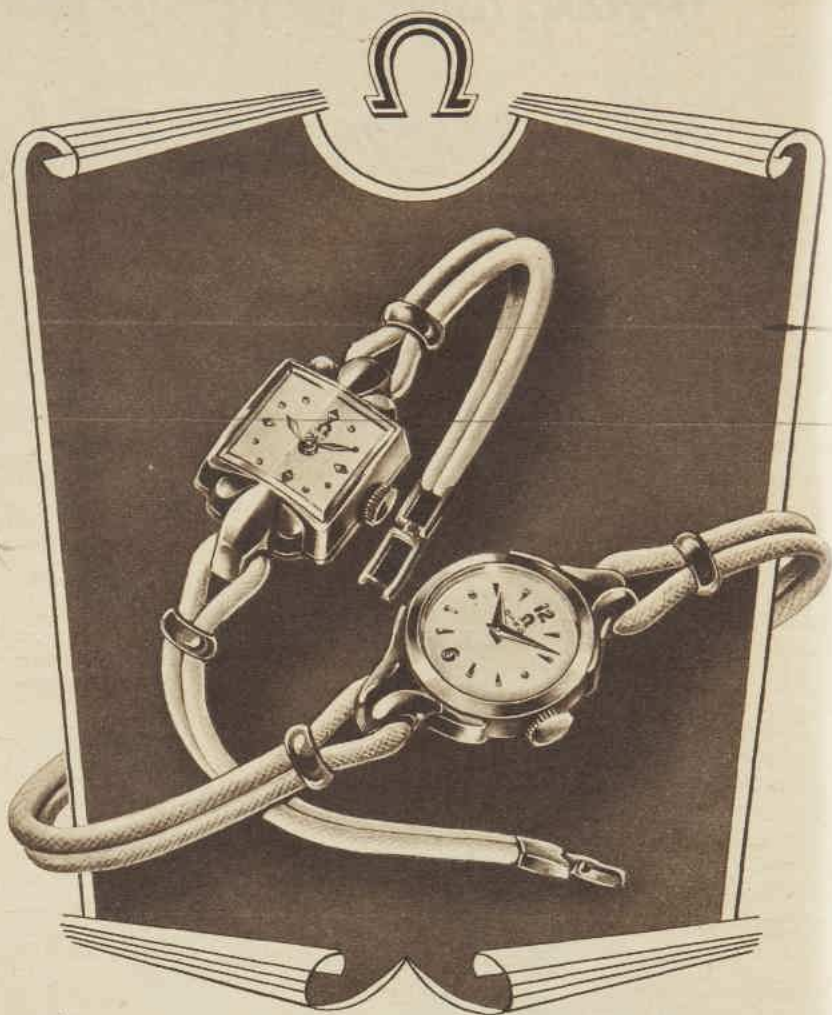


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Square model (left): In 9 ct. £37; 18 ct. £50; 18 ct. white gold £48/10/- — Round model (right): 9 ct. £36/10/-; 18 ct. £49/10/-.

OWW3

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 16, 1952

MISS CROWLE

was not best pleased by her assignment, but it was many years since she had dressed anyone young and beautiful, and in spite of herself her enthusiasm awoke when she saw how delightfully Arabella's gown of jonquil crepe became her, and how tasteful was the spangled scarf hanging over her arms.

She saw at a glance that she could scarcely better the simple arrangement of those soft curls, twisted into a high knot on the top of her head, and with the short ringlets allowed to fall over her ears, but she begged Miss to permit her to place her flowers more becomingly.

Her cunning hands deftly placed the spray of artificial roses at just the right angle, and she was so well-satisfied with the result that she said Miss would be quite the belle of the evening.

Arabella, unaware of how greatly Miss Crowle was condescending to her, only laughed.

She was embarking on her first London party enormously heightened by the arrival, not an hour earlier, of her first London posy of flowers, a charming bouquet tied up—so fortunately—with long yellow ribbons. Lord Fleetwood's card accompanied the tribute and was even now propped up against the mirror. Miss Crowle saw it and was impressed.

Lady Bridlington, presently setting eyes on Arabella just before dinner was announced, was delighted, and reflected that Sophia Theale had always had exquisite taste. Nothing could have set Arabella off to greater advantage than that delicate yellow robe, ornamented with clasps of tiny roses to match those in her hair.

The only jewellery she wore was the ring Papa had had made for her and Grand-mamma's necklace of pearls.

"Very nice, my love," she said approvingly. "You know," she went on, "you must not be expecting a squeeze! I am sure I hope to see my drawing-rooms respectfully filled, but it is early in the year still, so you must not be cast down if you do not see as many people as you might have supposed you would."

She might have spared her breath. By half-past ten her drawing-rooms were full to overflowing and she was still standing at the head of the stairs receiving latecomers. Nothing, she thought dizzily, had ever been like it!

The haughty Mrs. Penkridge, escorted by her dandified nephew, had been among the earliest arrivals, unbending amazingly to Arabella and begging leave to introduce Mr. Epworth. Lord Fleetwood and his crony, Mr. Oswald Warkworth, were there, both hovering audaciously near Arabella, very full of gallantry and good spirits. Lady Bridlington felt that her cup was full.

However, it was to overflow.

Arabella Continued from page 30

Last of all the guests, arriving after eleven o'clock, when her ladyship was on the point of abandoning her post and joining her guests in the drawing-rooms, Mr. Beaumaris arrived, and came unhurriedly up the stairs.

Her ladyship awaited him with a bosom swelling beneath its rich covering of purple satin, and her hand, clasping her fan, trembling slightly under the influence of the accumulated triumphs of this night.

He greeted her with his cool civility, and she replied with tolerable composure, thanking him for his kind offices, in Lincolnshire, towards her god-daughter.

"A pleasure, ma'am," said Mr. Beaumaris. "I trust Miss Tallant reached town without further mishap?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! So obliging of you to have called to inquire after her! We were sorry to have been out. You will find Miss Tallant in one of the rooms."

He bowed, and followed her into the front drawing-room. A minute later, Arabella, enjoying the attentions of Mr. Epworth, saw him coming towards her across the room, pausing once or twice on his way to exchange salutations with his friends.

Until that moment she had thought Mr. Epworth quite the best-dressed man present; indeed, she had been almost stunned by the exquisite nature of his raiment and the profusion of rings, pins, fobs, chains and seals which he wore. But no sooner had she clapped eyes on Mr. Beaumaris' tall, manly figure than she realised that Mr. Epworth's wadded shoulders, wasp waist, and startling waistcoat were ridiculous.

Nothing could have been in greater contrast to the extravagance of his attire than Mr. Beaumaris' dark blue coat and breeches, his plain white waistcoat, and the single fob that hung to one side of it, the single pearl set chastely in the intricate folds of his necktie. Nothing he wore was designed to attract attention, but he made every other man in the room look either a trifle over-dressed or a trifle shabby.

He reached her side and smiled and, when she put out her hand, raised it fleetingly to his lips.

"How do you do, Miss Tallant?" he said. "I am happy indeed to have been granted this opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with you."

"Oh, it is too bad—a great deal too bad!" fluted Mr. Epworth, rolling an arch eye at Arabella. "You and Fleetwood have stolen a march on the rest of us, you know—a shameful thing, 'pon my soul!"

Mr. Beaumaris glanced at him from his superior height, seeming to debate within himself whether his sally was worth the trouble of a reply,

and, deciding it wasn't, turned back to Arabella.

"You must tell me how you like London," he said. "It is abundantly plain that London likes you! May I procure you a glass of lemonade?"

This offer brought Arabella's chin up and made her look at him with a challenge in her eyes. She had had plenty of time to discover that it was not the common practice of hosts to sweep the wine from their tables at the end of the first course and she suspected him of quizzing her.

He looked perfectly grave, however, and met her eyes without a shadow of mockery in his own.

Before she could answer him, Lord Fleetwood exclaimed: "Of course! I'll swear you are parched with thirst, ma'am! I will get you a glass immediately!"

"Splendid, Richard!" said Mr. Beaumaris cordially. "Do let me take you a little out of this crush, Miss Tallant!"

He led her to where a sofa against one wall stood momentarily unoccupied. How he contrived to find a way through the crowd of chattering guests was a mystery to Arabella, for he certainly did not force a passage. A touch on a shoulder, a bow and a smile, and the thing was done.

SEATING himself beside Arabella on the sofa, watching her face carefully, Mr. Beaumaris asked with a smile, "Does it come up to your expectations, ma'am?"

"London? Yes, indeed!" she responded. "I am sure I was never so happy in my life!"

"I am glad," he said. Arabella remembered that Lady Bridlington had warned her against betraying too much enthusiasm. She remembered too, that she had promised not to make a bad impression on Mr. Beaumaris, so she added in a languid tone, "It is a shocking squeeze, of course, but it is always diverting to meet new people."

He looked amused, and said with a laugh in his voice, "No, don't spoil it! Your first answer was charming."

She eyed him doubtfully for a moment, then her irresistible dimples peeped out. "But it is only rustics who own to enjoyment, sir!"

"Is it?" he returned.

"You, I am persuaded, do not enjoy such an assembly as this!"

"You are mistaken; my enjoyment depends on the company in which I find myself."

"That," said Arabella, naively, "is quite the prettiest thing that has been said to me to-night!"

"Then I can only suppose, Miss Tallant, that Fleetwood and Warkworth were unable to find words to express their appreciation of the exquisite picture you present. Strangely I formed the opinion that they

were paying you all manner of compliments."

She laughed. "Yes, but it was nonsense! I did not believe a word they said."

"I hope you believe what I say, however, for I am very much in earnest."

The light tone he used seemed to belie his words. Arabella found him baffling and directed another of her speculative glances at him. She decided that he must be answered in kind, and said daintily: "Are you being so obliging as to bring me into fashion, Mr. Beaumaris?"

He let his eyes travel around the crowded room, his brows a little raised. "You do not appear to me to stand in any need of my assistance, ma'am." He perceived that Lord Fleetwood was edging his way past a knot of people, a glass in his hand, and waited for him to reach the sofa.

"Thank you, Richard," he said coolly, taking the glass from his lordship and presenting it to Arabella.

"You," said Lord Fleetwood with deep feeling, "will receive a message from me in the morning, Robert! This is the most bare-faced piracy I ever beheld in my life. Miss Tallant, I wish you will send the fellow about his business; his effrontery goes beyond what is allowable!"

"You must learn not to act on impulse," said Mr. Beaumaris kindly. "A moment's reflection, the least touch of adroitness, and it would have been I who fetched the lemonade and you who had the privilege of sitting beside Miss Tallant on this sofa."

"But it is Lord Fleetwood who earns my gratitude, for he was the more chivalrous," said Arabella.

"Miss Tallant, I thank you," Lord Fleetwood bowed gracefully.

"You have been amply rewarded, Robert, and have now nothing to do but to take yourself off," said Mr. Beaumaris.

"Not for the world!" declared his lordship.

Mr. Beaumaris sighed. "How often I have had to deplore your lack of tact!" he said.

Arabella, sparkling under the influence of all this exciting banter, raised her posy to her nose and said, with a grateful look cast up at Fleetwood, "I stand doubly in Lord Fleetwood's debt!"

"No, no, it is I who stand in yours, ma'am, since you deigned to accept my poor tribute."

Mr. Beaumaris glanced at the posy and smiled slightly, but said nothing. Arabella, catching sight of Mr. Epworth, who was hovering hopefully in the vicinity, suddenly said, "Mr. Beaumaris, who is that oddly dressed man?"

Mr. Beaumaris looked around, but said, "There are so many oddly dressed men present, Miss Tallant, that I

Children like these dentists

DO your children hate going to the dentist? They wouldn't in California.

Two dentists there have turned their surgery into a ranch which they call Bar DK, and children beg to have their teeth done.

In the waiting-room are lariats (to rope any ornery steers that may along), wooden horses (to ride the range on), and a gun rack (where young cowpokes must check their guns after filling any pesky redskins with lead).

In the surgery, the dentists, dressed in check shirts, riding boots, and jeans, may say, "Easy there, pard. Before the children can yell 'Yippee,' the tooth is out.

You can see pictures of this fearless dentistry for children in A.M. for January, now on sale.

fear I am at a loss. You do not mean poor Fleetwood here?"

"Of course I do not!" exclaimed Arabella indignantly.

"Well, I am sure it would be difficult to find anything odder than that waistcoat he wears. It is very disheartening, for I have really expended a great deal of time in trying to reform his taste. Ah, I think I see whom you must mean. That, Miss Tallant, is Horace Epworth. In his own estimation, he undoubtedly personifies a set of creatures whom I have reason to believe you despise."

Blushing hotly, Arabella asked, "Is he—a dandy?"

"He would certainly like you to think so."

"Well, if he is," said Arabella frankly, "I am sure you are no such thing, and I beg your pardon for saying it that evening!"

"Don't apologise to him, ma'am," said Lord Fleetwood gaily. "It is time someone gave him a set-down, and that, I assure you, smote him with stunning effect! You must know that he thinks himself a notable Corinthian!"

"What is that, pray?" inquired Arabella.

"A Corinthian, ma'am, besides being a very Tulip of Fashion, is an amateur of

sport, a master of swordplay, and a deadly fellow with a pistol, a Nonpareil amongst whips, a—"

Mr. Beaumaris interrupted this mocking solemn catalogue. "If you will be such a dead bore, Richard, you will provoke me to explain to Miss Tallant what the world means when it calls you a sad rattle."

"Well?" demanded Arabella mischievously.

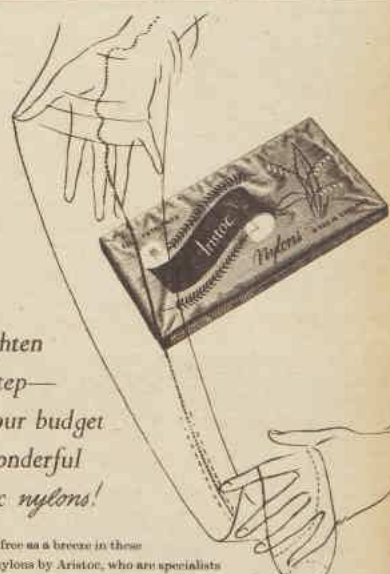
"A fribble, ma'am, not worth your attention," he replied, rising to his feet. "I see my cousin over there and must pay my respects to her."

He smiled, bowed and moved away, stayed for a minute or two talking to Lady Wainfleet, drank a glass of wine with Mr. Warkworth, complimented his hostess on the success of her party, and departed, having done precisely what he had set out to do, which was to place Miss Tallant's feet securely on the ladder of fashion.

The news would be all over town within twenty-four hours that the rich Miss Tallant was the Nonpareil's latest flirt.

To be continued

All characters in the serials *Arabic* and *short stories* which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 16, 1952

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WITH a wave of her cigarette, Duskie said, "Don't kid yourself, baby. I've yet to find a man who loves anybody better than himself." "Tex loves me very much," Gail said shakily. "Sure he does. He's crazy about you — everyone knows that. But he knows he comes second, and it's tough on a man."

"I love him better than anything in the world, only there are things I have to do in skating, and—"

"Just what I said! Only, only, only. If there weren't people who put 'only' after their loves, nothing would get done in the world. But I still say it's tough on Tex's self-esteem."

Gail considered that. "I'll watch it, Duskie," she said. "Well, anyway, have yourself a good time now. Look!" Gail followed her pointing finger. "There's the sweetest and best-looking girl here to-night — if she'd just loosen up."

Gail stared in the mirror. She really had done a good job. Hair-do perfect. Make-up just right, not too much, not too little. The only thing wrong was the expression.

She turned away. She must relax, as Duskie had said.

She talked and laughed, like the others, but the frightened feeling was with her all the time. Tex and she just weren't a good combination at all. He was revelling in this drinking and fooling around, while all it did to her was make her more and more anxious how the work would go to-morrow. She glanced at her watch. Today, rather. She went determinedly towards Tex.

"See what I've got," he said. "I picked it off the cover of this month's leading fashion magazine."

Gail looked with embarrassment at the girl who was with him and quickly said, "Don't mind Tex. He's drinking too much."

The girl spoke collectedly. "You're his wife, aren't you? I can't wait to see you both skate."

"Mean you haven't seen us yet? Tut-tut!" Tex was unsteady.

"Tex!" Gail took his arm. "It's time we went."

He shook his head. "G'wan home yourself, baby," he said.

She could have slapped him she was so furious, but she managed to just say, "You're making a fool of yourself, Tex."

"So what! At least I'm doing what I want to, not what you want me to. G'wan home, little girl."

Gail left, angry and ashamed and sick at the whole business.

When she was standing on the pavement, waiting for the doorman to get her a taxi, Tex floundered out of the entrance. "You left me behind," he complained. "Don't ever do that to me, Gav."

He looked awful, but he was Tex and he'd come after her. She steadied him till the cab came, then bundled him in and let him go to sleep on her shoulder.

By cutting their morning work on their new piece, "Sunrise On Mars," and letting Tex sleep till the last possible

moment, Gail had him in fair condition for the first show.

Now, standing before the mirror he said: "It would have been something, wouldn't it, if I couldn't have gone on."

"Just going on isn't enough," Gail tried to be patient. "You've got to be good."

He stopped tying his tie and looked down at her. "So I've got to be good. Where have I heard that before?" Abruptly he dropped the tie-ends and took her in his arms. "Slave-driver, you! Gay, did I disgrace you last night?"

"No, you disgraced yourself."

"Are you mad at me?"

"Yes." She flipped the tie in his face. "Thinking of divorcing you." She was suddenly swamped by a lonely feeling, and her arms went around his neck. "Oh, Tex! I shouldn't have said that. Just the words make me feel awful."

"Me, too." He stroked her hair.

She liked him to do that, but she had to tell him it was growing late.

"We can make it," Tex assured her. "The Pages can take taxis now, madam." He sang, "We taxi here, we taxi there, by gum, we taxi everywhere." Then he went back to his tie. "You know, I suddenly feel wonderful! Here we are, at the top of the tree — lots of money, we know everyone, we go everywhere. We're stars! We're in lights! Hallelujah! Yes, for anyone as stewed as I was, I feel good."

"Tex, we'll have to work on Sunrise after the last show to-

night to make up for missing this morning."

He gave her an exaggerated scowl and muttered: "Captain! My captain!" out of the side of his mouth.

A few days after "Sunrise on Mars" had started its run, Gail saw the short, plump figure of Grif Havenstead in the wings.

"Brace up!" she whispered urgently to Tex at the first chance in their pair number. "Grif's backstage."

The words were hardly out before she wished she had kept quiet. An emergency could snap her into going way beyond herself, but when Tex was nervous his skating just fell apart.

GAIL was so angry it was all she could do to put over the sense of passionate devotion her solo called for. But as she got worked up to the difficult routine the thought of the last wretched weeks dropped away and it was the old Tex that filled her mind, the Tex she adored.

She finished to a sharp burst of applause, and wound up the piece with a more than usually dazzling rush up to Tex.

Grif greeted them with his cosy manner, but Gail hadn't quite remembered how keen that pair of eyes were behind the pince-nez.

He went up to her dressing-room with them.

"Well, how're the Pages?" He sank down on the couch. "I was sorry I couldn't get back in time to help with this new piece, but I was tied tight over there. That solo of yours

is certainly a humdinger, Gail. I never saw you skate better. The reports have been coming to me steadily about how good you are."

Tex, sitting on the window-sill, moved uneasily. "And," Grif continued, "Tex is engaging enough and good-looking enough so his work needn't bother us too much. That is, as long as we do pieces where Gail can carry the burden."

Tex flushed and stalked across to shut the door. "Burdens are what she loves," he said bitterly. "Just let life threaten to be easy for a change and she'll take a running dive into the nearest burden and hang it around her neck. And you'll never guess what the nearest burden is!"

Gail winced. "Well, I'll tell you — it's me."

Gail couldn't keep the unhappiness out of her voice. "Do you think I like forever finding fault with you, Tex?"

His face was hard. "Then why do you do it? I may not make myself and everybody else miserable about my work, the way you do, but I get a good enough hand at every show. I get by all right."

Gail flared right up in his face. "You stop talking about getting by, or I'll never skate with you again!"

"Am I supposed to care if you don't? I was happy when we landed the contract here, and what's it got us? Bickering, bickering — that's all."

"At least we don't have to fight in front of Grif," Gail said miserably, sinking back in her chair.

TAKING a cigar out of his pocket, Grif proceeded to light it. Between puffs he said: "Big city too much for small-town boy, eh?"

Tex's voice almost cracked. "Oh, cut it out," he said. "I'm no small-town boy. And if you're both going to hear down on me you can just go and jump in the river."

"I hardly think we will," Grif said imperturbably.

A curious quiet fell in the room. Gail stared at Grif. He looked too chubby for anything earth-shaking to come from him, but she had an ominous feeling, and Tex was suddenly very still.

Grif put the match down. "I was thinking of Giselle," he said with apparent irrelevancy. "A hang-up production. Full-length. In this surge of general ballet-mindedness it would go over like a house on fire. Gail's the only skater I know who could handle the part..."

Giselle! Just the word was enough to waft Gail's mind right out of the small dressing-room.

For years she had cut out every picture she could find of Pavlova in the part. She knew every detail of her costumes, and every note of the music. Pavlova had "caressed" the sword. Gail had thought about that until she knew exactly why. And she would go cold over the poignancy of Giselle, the wraith, rising from her grave to dance with the heart-broken Albrecht.

Albrecht!

Please turn to page 39

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ANDREWS for INNER CLEANLINESS

NO

one could say Tex would be able to skate Albrecht! Even at his best he wasn't equal to it.

Gail's heart seemed to sink away from her. She couldn't look at Tex. She turned around on her chair, put one foot on the edge of the dressing-table and started unlacing the skate.

Tex broke the silence. "I can see I'm not wanted. I'll leave you two alone."

"It's hardly as extreme as that," Gail said blandly. "I'm going to change," was all he said. He shut the door after him.

"Tex!" Gail jerked her foot off the table and turned around. Gail put out a hand and pushed her down as she started to get up.

"Easy now!"

Gail glared at him. "What do you mean—easy now! That's my husband, in case you don't know. Also, I love him. And I won't have him kicked overboard like a—like a—"

"It's only a suggestion, Gail," Gail moved his hand in a calming motion. "But face the facts—you know what'll happen with Tex acting up like this. Because of you, there'll be good dates for—oh, maybe, a couple of years, then gradually the word will pass around and you'll start on the down grade. Tex doesn't realise what it takes to stay at the top, and it's no good talking to him because he doesn't care enough."

Gail's eyes fell. "You'll never get another chance like this, Gail," Gail coaxed. "The Harlequin wants something super for the grand tenth anniversary programme, and they'll spend anything. Just think—a full-length production, with special scenery, special costumes, no money spared, all the time you need for preparation. I can get you a big figure. And I think I

Dedication

Continued from page 38

can take you around the country, too, and, later on, abroad."

Gail started unlacing her other skate.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Gail burst out. "Why don't you say yes? Are you crazy that you don't see what I'm offering you?"

Gail looked at him. He was a manager—a shrewd, ambitious manager. The team was threatened by Tex's carelessness. Very well, break up the team. And if the marriage went, too, that was just too bad.

"Tex got it right away," Gail pressed. "He just stepped out of the picture."

"Sorry, Gail," she said in a muted voice as she leaned over to put her skippers on. "I can't do it."

The instant the words were out she saw with horrible clarity what she was giving up. Only once in a million years does a dream like that come true. And Tex hadn't shown any sign lately of caring whether they were together or not. Maybe she was throwing away her chance for nothing.

FOR

a while Gail said nothing, and his silence unnerved her. She looked up to see him getting to his feet with an air of finality.

"Well," he switched his cigar to the other side of his mouth. "I'll have to tell the management. They want to know to-day. They'll probably get Maggie Hone."

Then Gail realised how intently those clever eyes of Gail's were looking at her. And instantly she knew he was playing on her—he wanted her for Giselle, and he was breaking her down.

With one part of her aching to be broken down and the other feeling she mustn't ac-

cept, she began to tremble. Half-crying, she stood up and shouted at Gail: "No! I said no! I can't do it. Let me alone—I want Tex."

When she burst into his room Tex was sitting with his elbows on his knees, staring at the floor. He jumped to his feet and she went almost hysterically into his arms.

"Tex! Tell him I can't do it!"

Gail came in, close on her heels. "She's nuts, Tex. I can get her more in a year for Giselle than you'd make as a team in ten years. But she won't ditch you."

Tex didn't answer, and Gail clung tighter to him.

Then she heard him say: "Look, Gail, do you mind going out? I want to talk to Gay."

She raised her head. He hadn't called her Gay for weeks.

"He needn't go out," she said. "I'm all right now." She turned to Gail. "What I said goes, Gail. I can't do it. We're a team."

He gave her a long look, then threw out his hands. "O.K. If you like the idea of going on the skids."

"Gail! Wait a minute!" Tex's voice rang out. "Let's get together on this."

Gail shrugged. "What can you do? She wouldn't listen to me."

"I said let's get together on this," Tex repeated. "Shut the door, will you?"

With a look of surprise Gail did as he was told.

"Sit down," Tex gently pushed Gail on to the chair.

"Crazy kid!" he said gruffly. His hand was still on her shoulder and he pressed it hard as he looked at Gail. "Of course she'll do Giselle," he said.

"But, Tex—" Gail began.

TEX

bent and moved her over on the chair, then sat down with his arm around her.

Holding her close, he said in a tight voice, "Imagine turning down Giselle for me! You don't really think I'd let you, do you?"

"But—it's Albrecht, Tex! You—you know what I mean. And if we can't be together—"

"I don't have to skate Albrecht for us to be together."

"But don't you see! Gail wants to break up the team."

"So what! We don't have to be a team. Come on, Gay, let's face it. That's what all our trouble's been about. I'm no shining skater. I'm line stuff, and nothing to write home about at that. But you're something else again."

Incredulously, she looked up into his face.

Tex bowing to a huge audience and basking in the applause, Tex fondling his clippings, Tex loving being introduced as one of The Pages the skating stars—

"You mean—" she said unbelievably, "you mean you'd go back in the line!"

He nodded.

She just stared at him. She wanted to say that he was the most utterly wonderful person in the entire world. But for a moment no words would come.

Then she buried her face in his shoulder and stammered, "I—I beg your pardon, darling." For having felt she was superior, for having let Duskie say he loved only himself.

She heard Gail murmur he'd be back in a minute, heard the door shut after him.

But all she cared about was that Tex should hurry up and kiss her.

And he didn't waste a moment.

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We're Brothers

Continued from page 10

Glen was bluff, but it took a while to realise it.

"Nuts," Paul said. "You look all right. Come on, let's go in."

He knew as soon as he stepped through the door that word of the fight had spread. They got a greeting from almost everybody in the hall, and almost everybody gave them the same secret, knowing smile.

Everybody, before the evening was over, was going to want to hear all about it. They were the big news to-night.

Sybil was standing near the door. She looked excited and pleased, and suddenly Paul knew why. News of the fight had come in all garbled, of course. And she thought that he and Glen had been fighting about her.

Well, if things had worked out the way he had planned they would have been. And the funny thing was that he hadn't even been thinking about her. It had been something between him and Glen; it had nothing to do with her.

She came running over as soon as she saw them. She said, "Glen! Paul! What an awful mistake! I thought you weren't even coming. Paul, I thought you'd forgotten all about me—Glen, isn't this awful?"

Paul said flatly. He handed the comb back to Glen and concentrated on straightening his tie. "But it's not going to spoil my evening. Come on, let's go in."

Glen smoothed his hair down and fingered his tie. "That fight didn't make either of us look any better," he said. "Look," he said, "I don't have to go, you know. I'm all messed up and everything. I'll just go home, and you go in and tell Sybil—I tell her I fell down a well."

Paul looked at him in astonishment. Glen did not look back; he kept on staring at himself in the window of the car, pulling at his tie with nervous fingers. Paul was surprised by what he knew, just as he had been surprised a minute before to realise that Glen was jealous.

He knew that Glen really was willing to go home and let him have Sybil, partly to make up for what he had done and partly because he was really nervous and embarrassed about the way he looked. It made Paul feel sorry for him and, in a way, almost protective, the way he had felt when he had realised that it was he who had done the best fighting.

He remembered how Glen had sounded when he was being superior and amused to Bud Tait and not getting away with it. An awful lot of

HOWEVER,

to-night he felt perfectly calm about it. Glen was in the wrong; they both knew it, and that was that.

"I'm sorry," Glen said again. He moved away a foot or two, then swung back, his hands in his pockets, nudging a piece of gravel with his toe as though it were something that had to be done exactly right. "I didn't plan it, you know," he said. "Only my girl let me down. I didn't know about it till this afternoon—and I didn't want to go by myself."

He moved the piece of gravel, with great care, about a quarter of an inch. "You feel out of things once you've left school," he said.

Paul hadn't ever thought of it that way. He'd been thinking all along that Glen had the edge over him, being a year older and working, and as a matter of fact it was just the opposite. This was his place, and his dance, and his night, and Glen—why, Glen was an outsider.

Glen was—Paul stopped combing his hair in his astonishment—Glen was actually jealous.

"I knew I couldn't get anyone else to come so late," Glen said, "and I just called in to see Sybil, and—well, I don't know. It just seemed like a good idea at the time."

"It was a stinking trick,"

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PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

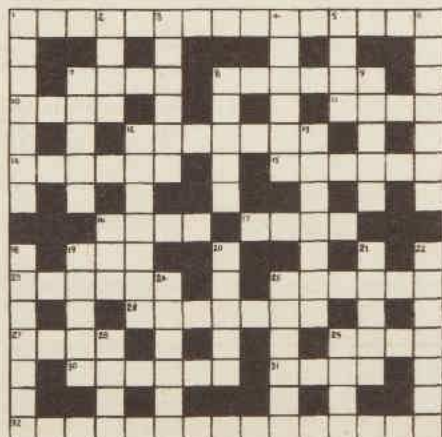
• In Manila, famous lawyer Perry Mason and private detective Paul Drake find Lasa, girl-friend of Army deserter Max Carson, strangled. Carson is posing as David Bidon, whose rich wife, Ilya, married again, believing her husband to be dead. Perry suspects Carson of the murder when he finds plaster on the floor of Lasa's room, and notices Carson has a new plaster cast on his arm.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- In an Oriental setting the main aria of this musical piece should be "Bakshish, bakshish" (3, 7, 5)
- Processed as the postscript. (4)
- Over grinder sink inside. (6)
- A grip muddled for a cancelled service. (4)
- Story by tea. (4)
- Page not Latin in enclosures. (7)
- Item of hair back about a small cupboard. (6)
- Affection in the final organ. (6)
- Ponder, possibly about a daughter of Mnesias. (4)
- Anger which ends with age. (4)
- Oreum, which surely comes from Ireland. (6)
- Abide in marine. (6)
- Red beds may make a man an angler. (7)
- Article enclosed in a split envelope. (4)
- Page is the basic material for this equipment. (4)
- High mental ability which was a lot of money in Greece. (6)
- Pie with a sharp taste. (4)
- A pound's worth of very good treatment. (9, 6)



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

- Old tape. (Anagram 7.)
- Boast turned garment. (4)
- Fuel by a cigarette. (6)
- Chemical salts ending in a piece of string. (6)
- Look furtively from both sides. (4)
- A rue set can be harsh. (7)
- Nip, it's mainly a very small amount. (5)
- Ginger Meggs' girl-friend and this French make filling for pies. (5)
- Are under a broken reef to go to authority. (5)
- Read by employed. (7)
- Giggie, mainly a black fellow. (7)
- Inquisitive mongrel on acknowledgments of debt. (7)
- Reactor - abey, item is prescribed. (5)
- Transfer legally the King and a six-footer. (5)
- Scoundrel and French military student. (5)
- Absence of government - an angel or a bishop, why? (7)
- Venerate an American rider. (6)
- Head of a university, concerning one hundred on a rocky hill. (6)
- What's in a name? Only long hair. (4)
- King, I am severe. (4)



Solution to last week's crossword.

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(Mrs.) Ruby L.



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TO PROLONG FRESHNESS STORE IN A COOL PLACE

Authorised by the Australian Egg Producers Council

I WASN'T on hand when the first guests arrived, and not until the party was well under way did I find an excuse to go into the living-room.

Mr. Gregory was wearing the red carnation in his lapel.

That should have been satisfaction enough for me, because somehow or other I had come to the conclusion I was fighting against Mrs. Wheeler for Raquel, and the fact that Mr. Gregory wore the emblem of my side was certainly a clear indication that things were going well for me.

Mrs. Wheeler came sidling up and said to Mr. Gregory, "And where did the carnation come from, darling? Have I an unknown rival?"

"It came with the flower arrangement," Mr. Gregory said noncommittally.

Of course, I spent the rest of the evening wondering what Raquel had written him to make him wear the carnation right under Mrs. Wheeler's nose. After I'd paid off the waiters and was clearing up in the dining-room, the big scene took place between Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. Gregory, and I learned what I wanted to know.

The sliding doors between the living-room and dining-room had been carelessly closed, and although I banged the cutlery to indicate my presence behind the doors, Mrs. Wheeler was too angry to care. She had stayed on after the other guests had left, and now she was shouting at Mr. Gregory and waving the beige envelope in front of his face.

"But what's the meaning of it, I'd like to know?" she shrieked at him. "What are you up to behind my back?"

"What I would like to know," Mr. Gregory asked in a cold, polite voice, "is what were you doing ransacking my bureau in my bedroom?"

"I've got a right to know!" Mrs. Wheeler retorted, and pulled the letter out of the envelope and opened it. When Mr. Gregory reached for it she jerked away from him and said wickedly, "You needn't trouble. I've already read it."

He stood back from her then and folded his arms across his chest. Mrs. Wheeler began to read from the letter.

"My dearest," she read aloud, and flung a scornful glance at him, "I hope that some day you will know what joy it is really to love someone." "... Now, really," Mrs. Wheeler commented, "whoever this unknown love of yours is, she can't know too much about you. What does she think you've been doing all these years?"

"I've been wondering, myself," Mr. Gregory inserted, but Mrs. Wheeler didn't heed and was reading on.

"I know now it is more satisfying to love than to be loved," she read, and raised her head to say, "I certainly wouldn't string along with that."

"You certainly wouldn't," Mr. Gregory agreed, and there was a dangerous amiableness to his tone.

"I am going away. I will not bother you again. I want to thank you for the happiness you have brought me; seeing you, talking to you, being a very small part of your life. At first I hoped that by loving you hard enough you might come to love me. But I know now I was wrong. With

The Red Carnation

Continued from page 6

this carnation goes my hope that you find love and happiness. I hope it with all my heart."

Mrs. Wheeler snickered derisively, stretched out her hand with surprising cunning, and yanked the carnation out of Mr. Gregory's buttonhole. "That much for love!" she said, and threw it on the floor. "Puppy love!" She stamped on the flower in an uncontrollable fury.

"If you were a man," Mr. Gregory said evenly, "I'd make you pick it up. You're childish."

"Childish?" Mrs. Wheeler shrieked. "You call it childish when I find out you're carrying on an affair, that you're double-crossing me?"

"I am not double-crossing you," Mr. Gregory answered patiently, and I thought, with just a trace of pity. "I'm not having any affair with anyone. I had no idea who she was until to-night, when I saw the red carnation. She's the girl who sells me the flowers I send you."

"If you're not having an affair with her," Mrs. Wheeler said in a deadly voice, "why is she sending you love letters and red carnations? Tell me that, please!"

"It's possible to love somebody and not have an affair with them," Mr. Gregory answered slowly. "You mustn't overlook the institution of marriage."

"Are you telling me," Mrs. Wheeler demanded icily, "that you're considering marrying this girl?" She sounded incredulous.

"It's a worthy thought," Mr. Gregory said, and tucked his hand under Mrs. Wheeler's elbow and propelled her to the door. "A thought I'd like to be alone to dwell upon."

He closed the door very softly behind her. And when she jabbed at the bell he strolled into the dining-room and said to me casually, "That's Mrs. Wheeler at the door. Don't bother to open, Ingeborg; she's an ex-friend of the house."

"Ingeborg," he said sternly, "can you see me as a married man?"

"Most men marry," I said. "Why shouldn't you?"

"I've always thought of myself as a bachelor," he announced, with a surprised maddening in his voice.

"It would take only the right woman to change your thinking," I told him, and banged the drawer of the sideboard shut.

"I suppose it would," he acknowledged, and started out of the room. "And I wouldn't be at all surprised if you know exactly the right woman for me," he added, lingering in the doorway.

"Yes, Mr. Gregory, I do," I said.

"Who would that be?" "Mr. Gregory," I said in the severest way I knew how. "I've had a long and tiring day, and your party has been a great success. What I really want to know is how many are we for dinner to-morrow night and what would you like to eat?"

"Ingeborg," he said mildly, "you are a dragon. Do you realise I don't even know her last name? She's the girl at the flower shop—that's the way I've been thinking of her. I've talked to her almost every day this past year. She's called Raquel, and she writes me the kind of letter that makes me want to go out and conquer the world. But I don't even know her full name!"

He looked at me accusingly, and then said in his nicest way, "Ingeborg, what's Raquel's last name?"

"I don't know, Mr. Gregory," I replied truthfully. "I do know she lives with a family named Barrow at Fourteen Grenville Street."

Mr. Gregory frowned. "She says she is going away. Do you know where she is going?"

Again I could be no help. "But," I added, "I know where you should go, Mr. Gregory!"

He looked at me and his face brightened. He looked happier than I had ever seen him in all the years I had worked for him. "Fourteen Grenville Street?" he asked.

He came over and kissed me on my damp cheek. "With me luck, Ingeborg," he said. "With me luck. And he walked to the door like a boy on his way to meet his best girl."

(Copyright)

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

JOHN LYONS had a tough day at the office. He was fed up, but his wife, Mary, tied down at home with three youngsters, wanted to hear about John's day.

Next door, Bill Everett had some plans he wanted to discuss with his wife, Nancy, but she was so full of what the Everett young fry had done that day that he didn't have a chance.

It is just one of those things that married people have to work out. It is not unnatural for husbands at times to want to forget all about the job when they get home, as John Lyons did. But the Marys have to be considered, too. It is important for them to share in their husbands' interests.

There is no formula that will solve the problem, but creating a leisurely atmosphere in the



RELAX after work.

evening helps. Relaxing over a cup of coffee or tea leads to a sharing of experiences.

Keeping in mind during the day some of the things that seem particularly interesting is also helpful. It's a matter of give and take, of compromise, and of realising how the other person is feeling.

All characters are fictitious

DREAM HOUSE

**Boyhood
wish comes
true**



FRONT VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. G. Horton's home in Drummoyne Ave., Drummoyne, N.S.W., overlooking the Parramatta River. The verandah leads to beautiful gardens and lawns which sweep down to the water's edge.

● Mr. and Mrs. G. Horton's home on the Parramatta River, at Drummoyne, N.S.W., is the realisation of a boyhood ambition.

As a boy, Mr. Horton admired the house, which had been built about 1924 for the late Captain Lundgren, Swedish Trade Commissioner, and vowed he would own it when he grew up.

A couple of years ago he made good his vow.

The spacious rooms and grounds of the house have enabled Mr. and Mrs. Horton to indulge luxuriously in their shared hobbies of gardening and home furnishing.



ENTRANCE HALL leading to the reception rooms is unusually spacious. The floor-length drapes and walls are a perfect setting for the period gift suite.



DINING-ROOM has a beautiful Chippendale suite. Views of the garden and the water-front add to the room's restful atmosphere. Mrs. Horton is seen lighting the candles for a dinner-party. The roses in the centrepiece are from the Hortons' garden.



COLORFUL fireplace in the living-room is the focal point of charming furniture grouping. The oil-painting above the mantelpiece has its counterpart in the bowl of fresh roses on the low table. The exquisite Jacob Petit mantel-clock is a treasured possession.



MAIN BEDROOM. For this room Mrs. Horton chose a feminine decoration and color scheme. Period furniture is set against cream walls and ceiling, with deeper cream woodwork. The quilted satin bedspread picks up the toning of the patterned carpet.



THROUGH-VIEW showing the convenient grouping of the reception rooms. The dining and living rooms, which open off the entrance hall, have wall-to-wall carpet. The card-room behind the dining-room can be closed off by glass doors.

First appearance . . .

First and last you can only inspire confidence if you feel it. LYSTAV is a confidence giving fabric—it makes up so attractively whether you are favouring a tailored line or some softer style. It provides you with a wonderful choice, whether you are looking for a print or a plain colour. It is marked TERTILIZED for tested crease-resistance—it washes magnificently—and it is TOOTAL guaranteed.* Look for the name LYSTAV on the selvedge.



* THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE

All goods sold by the Company and bearing the registered trade mark Tootal, or the words a TOOTAL guarantee are guaranteed by the Company and are warranted to give satisfaction. Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material Tootal will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making-up.

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Prices and other brand names mentioned are Dept. Trade Mark.



24 BIG BREAKFASTS IN EVERY 16OZ. PACKET!

* Favourite flavour
* More sustaining



CP-51-23

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 161.—SMALL GIRL'S PLAYSUIT

The suit is cut out ready to make in British cotton, printed in a nursery design. Color choice includes pastel shades on blue, pink, and green grounds.

Sizes: 2 years, price 8/3; 3 years, price 8/11; 4 years, price 9/6; 5-6 years, price 9/11. Postage 1/3 extra.

No. 162.—ONE-PIECE DRESS FOR THE LARGER FIGURE

The dress is cut out ready to make in summer breeze cotton, obtainable in a check or floral print. The color choice includes blue-and-white, grey-and-white check, and a multi-colored design printed on a grey or blue background.

Sizes: 38 and 40in. bust, 35/9; 42 and 44in. bust, 37/3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 163.—GOOD-MORNING SET

The set includes a traycloth, teacosy, and serviettes clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen; on white, blue, pink, and green sheer; and on pastel green, pink, blue, and lemon British cotton.

Traycloth: In linen, 11in. x 17in., 5/3; in cotton, 3/3. Postage, 9d. extra.

Teacosy: In linen, 13in. x 10in., 5/9; in cotton, 3/9. Postage, 9d. extra.

Serviettes: In linen, 11in. x 11in., 1/3; in cotton, 1/- Postage, 3d. extra each.

No. 164.—CUSHION COVER

An attractively designed cushion cover clearly traced ready to embroider, obtainable in cream Irish linen and in British headcloth in blue, green, lemon, pink, white, or natural.

The cover measures 18 in. x 18in. The contrast cord trim is not supplied. Price, linen 9/11, cotton 5/9. Postage, 9d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given above.

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6808.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make panties.

Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist measurement. Requires 3yd. 36in. material and 1yd. 4in. lace. Price, 2/-.

F6711.—Sleeveless one-piece has flattering, built-up waist-line and soft gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yd. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6726.—Smart, waisted top-coat is trimmed with contrast revers and front panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yd. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F6729.—Wedding gown with lace yoke and bouffant skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 10yd. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. lace, plus 2yd. 4in. lace edging. Price, 4/9.

F6730.—Matron's dress, designed on slimming lines. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 2yd. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Ultimo House, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O. Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 468, G.P.O., Auckland.



DAINTY QUILTED BEDJACKET

● Quilted material in a floral design is used for this attractive bedjacket, which is easy to slip on and off and is simple to make.

YOU can make your own pattern by copying the diagram, making the squares one inch and drawing the cutting lines as given.

The three-quarter-length sleeves are cut on the straight and are easy to fit into the bodice.

Materials: One and three-eighths yards of quilted fabric, 36in. wide; one and three-eighths yards of plain rayon to match, 36in. wide, for lining; cotton to match.

Pattern: Make from diagram (scale: 1 square to lin.). Solid spots mark edge to be laid on fold of fabric. Arrow marks straight grain of fabric. C.F. marks centre front.

Cutting Directions (half-inch seams allowed): **Jacket**—Cut 2 pieces by pattern (1 of lining, 1 of quilted fabric). **Sleeves**—Cut 4 pieces, each

14in. by 18½in. (2 of lining, 2 of quilted fabric).

Sewing Directions: Fold jacket right sides together and side edges even. Stitch for 6½in. from each lower edge for side seams. Clip in at ends of stitching; press seams open.

Fold each sleeve in halves lengthwise (14in. edges), with right sides together, edges even. Stitch seam and press open.

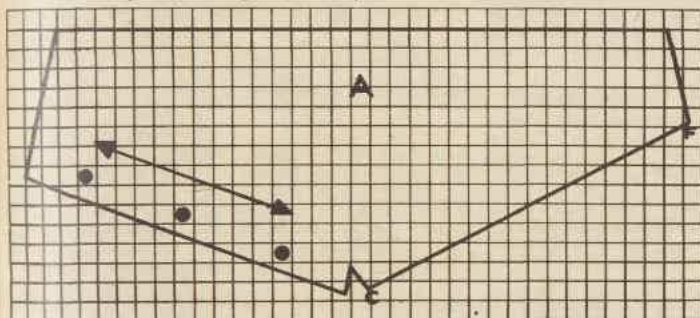
Place sleeve to armhole, right sides together, edges even. Stitch armhole seam and press open. Make up lining in same way.

Place jacket and lining right sides together, seams and raw edges even. Baste and stitch all round, leaving an opening on lower back edge. Trim seam. Turn through to right side and press. Slip-stitch open edges together. Turn in raw sleeve and lining edges (towards each other), baste together, and slip-stitch. Press.



EVEN inexperienced needlewomen will find the directions and pattern diagram for this pretty bedjacket easy to follow.

DIAGRAM for cutting out the bedjacket (left). The scale is one square to the square inch. Patterns may be extended to any size by using this scale and drawing the lines as given here on the bigger graph.



Crochet sandals to match beach clothes

These crocheted sandals can be made in gay colors to team with beach outfits.

THE crochet uppers may be attached to old wedge soles, which makes this snappy beach footwear economical as well as smart and practical.

Materials: 3 balls (20 gram) Coats Mercer-Crochet No. 40, selected color; 1 pair wedge soles, size 4; 3 doz. tacks; Mil-

ward's steel crochet hook No. 2½. Slack workers could use a No. 3 hook and tight workers a No. 2.

Tension: First 3 rows equals 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; hlf-tr., half treble; tr., treble; dbl-tr., double treble; ss., slip-stitch.

Use three thicknesses of thread throughout.

UPPER (make 2)

Starting at centre, commence with 10ch., join with 1 ss. to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch., 15 tr. into ring, join with 1 ss. to 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 4 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same place as ss., 2 dbl-tr. into each of the next 11 tr., 4 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 dbl-tr. into first dbl-tr., 2 dbl-tr. into each dbl-tr., ending with 2 dbl-tr. into 4th of 4 ch., 4 ch., turn.

4th Row: Miss first dbl-tr., 1 dbl-tr. into each of the next 20 dbl-tr., 4 ch., turn.

5th Row: As 3rd row, turning with 3 ch. at end of row.

6th Row: Miss first dbl-tr., 1 tr. into each of the next 23 dbl-tr., 1 hlf-tr. into next, 1 d.c. into next, 1 ss. into next, turn.

7th Row: Miss 1 ss., 1 ss. into next st., 1 d.c. into next, 1 hlf-



STYLED on Grecian lines, crocheted sandals with criss-cross ankle-straps are foot-flattering for wearing at the beach.

8th Row: 1 d.c. into first dbl-tr., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of the next 9 dbl-tr., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th of 4 ch. Fasten off.

STRAP (make 4)

1st Row: Commence with 5 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into 5th ch. from hook, 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 dbl-tr. into top of previous 5 ch., 5 ch., turn. Repeat 2nd row until strap measures 17in. Fasten off.

Attach upper and heel straps to soles with brass tacks. Sew ends of 2 straps to upper, cross them in front and pass through 6 ch. loops. Finish with a bow at front.

Work 1 row of d.c. round front of upper part.

HEEL STRAP (make 4)

Commence with 14 ch.

1st Row: 1 dbl-tr. into 5th ch. from hook, 1 dbl-tr. into each ch., 4 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first dbl-tr., 1 dbl-tr. into each dbl-tr., 4 ch., turn. Repeat 2nd row 5 times more, 1 ch., turn.



FRONT VIEW of sandal shows the open toe designed for comfort.

Sparkling Variety
IN
MARMALADES

Rosella
SEVILLE ORANGE

SWEET ORANGE · GRAPEFRUIT
Marmalades

Pains in the Back

and how
DeWitt's
Pills
may
help
you...

NOT everybody realises that healthy kidney action is as important to general health as correct bowel action. In both cases, waste matter and impurities are expelled from the body, and health suffers if they remain or are only partially eliminated.

So, if your back pains, rheumatic twinges or aching joints arise from impurities left in the system through faulty kidney action, try DeWitt's Pills.

This reliable family medicine with the sixty-year reputation behind it, has a cleansing and soothing action which may be the very treatment that your kidneys need. As thousands of grateful men and women have good reason to know, a course of DeWitt's Pills can be very beneficial—both as a valuable diuretic and in the soothing and antiseptic effect they have on the whole of the urinary channels.

Get a bottle and be delighted at the feeling of well-being once your pains are gone. The 8/6 size contains 2½ times the 3/6 quantity.



DeWitt's
PILLS

can be used with every confidence

Made specially for Rheumatic Pains, Sciatica, Backache, Bladder Disorders and Lumbago

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This is a unique series designed to make children participants in their own education.

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with
Velveeta

KRAFT'S new cheese food



That's right! You don't need butter at all! Slice into that firm, golden block... spread it straight onto bread. Now taste that exciting flavour. There's nothing else like it—so rich-yet-mild. Velveeta not only tastes

even better when spread straight onto bread, toast or biscuits, but it is better for you! Nutritionists say that Velveeta alone spread on bread gives you the right—exactly right—balance of primary food elements.



Exciting **"Rich-yet-Mild"**
flavour everyone loves!

S-P-R-E-A-D this new "rich-yet-mild" cheese food straight onto bread, toast or biscuits for really delicious sandwiches, savouries and snacks. While you're spreading remember that Velveeta is NOT an ordinary cheese. It is a cheese food, rich in proteins and the milk minerals, calcium and

phosphates, plus Vitamin A and riboflavin. Also—Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Pasteurised and hygienically wrapped, Velveeta is completely protected. It stays fresh and delicious. Try Velveeta—today!

*AT SIMILAR DEGREES OF TEMPERATURE.



DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A halter-neck bodice and a rippling skirt are good fashion for "don't dress" summer evening parties. This answers the reader whose letter appears below, as well as others who have written with the same request.

"WOULD you help me with a design and paper pattern for a frock to wear to quite informal evening parties? I want the design cool and pretty, but not one of the very bare bodices worn with stoles."

My suggestion is a halter-necked design with a bouffant skirt. The halter line is cool without looking too naked. Wear the dress with a petticoat, or even two. A petticoat is an increasingly important garment worn to hold out the new, wider skirts. The dress is illustrated at right. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in 32 to 38in. bust. Price, 3/6. The panel at the top of the page will tell you where to write and how to order.

Junior style

"THIS season I am having a good suit made by a tailor, which must do for several years. I am in my late teens, 5ft. 5in., with just a medium figure. I rather fancy a narrow skirt and fitted jacket."

The long-lined silhouette with slim skirt and waisted jacket

will continue into autumn and winter. However, for your age group a trim, fitted jacket and full skirt, cut in eight gores, is not only newer but more flattering to a young figure.

HALTER-NECK party frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. ribbon. Price, 3/6.



DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and cost of pattern, 3/6.

Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you as usual in my column on any fashion problem.

Maternity wear

"MY first babe will be born early in May, and I know very little about maternity clothes. I am nearly 22 years of age and have always been fashion-conscious."

"Separates" are the best answer for the fashion-conscious expectant mother. In styling, the straight box-jacket, not too full, is popular. Patch pockets and contrast trim are general. After five or for any dress occasion the jacket can be made in a rich material.

New sleeves

"I AM having a new frock made for dining and dancing. I don't know what type of sleeves would be correct. The skirt is to be very full and the neckline square-cut and rather low."

Large sleeves are in the fashion limelight for autumn. If the dress is made in sheer, you could have a circular-cut sleeve that encircles the arm in all-round ripples. If it is made in a crepe or heavier texture fabric, I would suggest a big puffed sleeve caught into a firmly fitted band just above the elbow.

Ballerina frock

"COULD you assist me with an idea for a ballerina frock made from 8yds. of pinky-beige lace, 4yds. of nearly the same shade of taffeta, and 3yds. of sheer nylon net in the same toning? The lace has a very pretty edge. I would like fullness in the skirt but not over the hips."

My suggestion for your ballerina dress is a frothy, gathered skirt springing from a low hip-yoke and held out by a petticoat of nylon net over another of taffeta. The bodice-top could be fitted, the neckline square-cut, and the frock finished with short sleeves.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"AVIS."—A nightgown for the larger figure is styled on simple and attractive lines. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine obtainable in blue, pink, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 38, 40, and 42in. bust, 73/6; 44 and 46in. bust, 75/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 38, 40, and 42in. bust, 51/6; 44 and 46in. bust, 53/11. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"KATRINA": A charming one-piece dress is obtainable in shantung. The color choice includes white, yellow, beige, blue, tan, grey, and navy.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 82/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 85/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 63/11. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 44.

Fashion FROCKS



★ Don't let
these eyes . . .



PROTECT YOUR EYESIGHT

In all your waking hours your eyes are working hard—frequently under conditions of strain, aggravated by glare and dust. Look out for these DANGER SIGNALS:

Smarting Bloodshot Whites
Styes Red Rims Watering
Crusted Lashes

Take care of your precious eyes. Give them enough rest. Refresh them, protect them, by bathing them regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion. You'll soon see how much clearer and better they look.



Optrex
the EYE LOTION

OP. 2. B. ★

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll
Jump Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go.

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sick and the world looks pink.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel up and up. Get a package to-day.

Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away.

A51

Pimples Go

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Can Nixoderm be sight and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Itches, Ringworms and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft, smooth and money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Fruit appetiser wins £5



PINEAPPLE MINT appetiser wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

This pineapple mint concoction, served at the beginning of luncheon or dinner, is a pleasant appetiser in hot weather.

Peach halves baked in a small quantity of orange juice, as suggested in the prize-winning recipe peach perfection, develop a luscious flavor.

All spoon measurements are level.

PINEAPPLE MINT APPETISER

One cup shredded pineapple, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 teaspoons gelatine soaked in 1 dessertspoon cold water, 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint, mayonnaise, mint sprigs to garnish.

Boil pineapple with sugar, lemon juice, and water 10 minutes. Add soaked gelatine to hot pineapple mixture, stir until dissolved. Allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, fold in chopped mint, pour into wet dish, chill until very thick. Spoon into lettuce cups with mayonnaise. Serve in individual dishes. Garnish with mint sprigs. Serve very cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Buckland, Brunswick Heads, N.S.W.

PEACH PERFECTION

Six large peaches, 6 table-spoons orange juice, 2 dessert-spoons sugar, ice-cream, shredded toasted almonds.

Peel peaches, halve, remove stones. Place peach halves in

PEACH PERFECTION is a simple and attractive sweet for summer meals. Served with ice-cream and shredded almonds, it is a dessert worthy of a special occasion. See prize-winning recipe on this page.



CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM BLOCKS are easy to prepare at home. Cut well-frozen ice-cream into blocks, press a stick into each, and dip into chocolate melted over hot water.

ovenproof dish, pour over orange juice and sugar mixed together. Bake in moderate oven until peaches are tender. Allow to cool. Just before serving, top each peach with a scoop or spoonful of ice-cream. Stick with almonds and trickle remaining orange juice over. Serve with extra ice-cream and cherries if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Qld.

LUNCHEON MEAT DISH

One and 1/2 cups minced cold meat (or tinned meat), 1/2 cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 4 table-spoons milk or stock, 2 medium apples, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon each

tomato sauce and Worcester-shire sauce, pinch crushed thyme or mixed herbs, 1 to 1 1/2 cups mashed potato.

Combine breadcrumbs, beaten egg, and stock or milk. Allow to stand 1/2 hour. Mix meat with finely chopped apple, onion, salt and pepper to taste, and thyme or mixed herbs. Add crumb mixture, mix well. Fill into greased ovenproof dish, cover top with potato. Bake in hot oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Taylor, 318 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

CUMQUAT CONSERVE

Cumquats, sugar, water, salt, lemon juice.

Weigh cumquats. Allow 1 lb. sugar for each 1 lb. cumquats. Prick fruit well with darning needle. Cover with lightly salted water, stand 12 hours. Drain, cover with fresh water. Bring to boiling point, simmer gently 1 hour. Drain. Prepare a syrup using 1/2 pint water and juice of 1/2 lemon to each 1 lb. of fruit. Add half the weighed sugar. Simmer 5 minutes, skim. Add fruit, simmer 10 minutes. Turn into basin, stand 24 hours. Drain. Add half balance of sugar to syrup, bring to boiling point. Pour over cumquats, stand 2 days. Drain again. Reboil syrup with remaining sugar, pour over fruit, leave 24 hours. Simmer fruit and syrup until syrup is slightly golden and fruit quite clear. Bottle while hot, seal when cold. Keep for 3 months before using for best flavor.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. E. McQueen, 104 Harp Rd., East Kew, E.4, Vic.



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Let Imperial make your picnic a real success — take along a supply of Imperial friendly foods . . . friendly, satisfying foods which give variety and zest to any meal out-o'-doors or at home. Wholesome foods, nutritious foods . . . foods that tempt the finicky to eat — and satisfy the appetites of the hale, hearty and hard-working whether it be a quick snack, a solid everyday meal, or something really nice when someone's coming home to dinner.

The Best canned foods are branded

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They're Flavour-Sealed!



Delicious Imperial meals . . . right off your kitchen shelf

Play is important

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

CHILDREN rightly expect their parents to take an active interest in their affairs.

Parents should give the toddler his own domain, however small, for his playthings, so that he is not always being interrupted during play because the space is needed by adults.

The home should be where the child can do things not measured by outside standards.

It should be the place where he can try to draw, write a story, or play a musical instrument, and his efforts will give him fun and bring him the family's warm-hearted appreciation.

Parents should make sure that each member of the family has a feeling of security in the home.

This ideal cannot be achieved unless the parents themselves spend some leisure time from their often too-busy lives to take an interest in their children's toys, play activities, family fun, and home entertainment.

Leaflets on children's play-time and toys and their natural instinct to create can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

EAT

and keep slim

Crisply baked, golden-brown Vita-Weat! Delicious to taste and full of the goodness of whole wheat. Serve it with meals, for picnics, parties and lunches. Eat Vita-Weat as your daily Crispbread to keep your energy up and your weight down.



with **Vita-Weat**
(REGD.)



Eat delicious Vita-Weat Savouries
with cheese, sausage, egg slices, sardines
or what you will

Peck Frean's
Vita-Weat
(REGD.)
CRISPBREAD



• Recipes on this page have been asked for by many readers and are published in response to their requests. Some are old favorites, others have lately gained in popularity.

EACH recipe is for a cake, tart, sweet, or savory dish, which could take pride of place on any afternoon tea or dinner menu.

For best results cooked rice must be as dry as possible before it is fried.

All spoon measurements in these recipes refer to level spoons. This is important—success depends on accurate measurements.

APRICOT PARFAIT

One and a half cups thick boiled custard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked and sieved apricot pulp, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, 2 teaspoons gelatine, cream and mint leaves to decorate, apricot halves.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to cooled custard, stir in sugar. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, fill into refrigerator trays, freeze 2 hours. Turn back into basin, add apricot pulp and lemon rind, beat until thick and smooth. Return to refrigerator trays, freeze until firm. Serve in parfait glasses topped with apricot halves, cream, and mint sprigs.

BUTTERSCOTCH MERINGUE TART

One 9in. champagne or biscuit pastry-case, cooked and cooled, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 2oz. margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, 6 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, pinch salt, cream.

Mix flour and sugar together in saucepan, gradually add milk, stir until smooth. Stir over gentle heat until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Add margarine or butter and beaten egg-yolks. Mix well, add vanilla and coffee essence. Fill into cooked and cooled pastry-case. Beat egg-whites until stiff with pinch of salt. Gradually add extra sugar and beat until mixture stands in peaks. Pile on to butterscotch filling, place

in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. When quite cold, cut into wedges and decorate with whipped cream.

NEENISH TARTS

Pastry: Three ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. corn-flour, 2oz. margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water.

Filling: Three ounces stale cake-crumbs (butter cake is best), or use half cake-crumbs and half ground almonds, 2oz. icing-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon orange juice or sherry, 2 or 3 drops almond essence.

Icing: Two tablespoons white warm icing, 2 tablespoons chocolate warm icing.

Make pastry by rubbing shortening into sifted dry ingredients, adding lemon rind and mixing to a dry dough with water. Roll thinly, line patty-tins. Prick well with a fork or add a circle of greaseproof paper and a few dried peas or beans to prevent pastry rising in the middle. Bake in a hot oven until crisp and lightly browned. Remove paper and peas, return to oven for a few minutes. Allow to become cold. Prepare filling.

Filling: Combine all ingredients, fill pastry-cases level with top, allow to stand for one or two hours. Ice half of each top with white warm icing and half with chocolate warm icing.

FRIED RICE

Three cups cold cooked rice, 1 egg, 1 large, lean pork chop, 1-3rd cup shelled prawns, 1 dessertspoon soya sauce, 1 dessertspoon water, 2 chopped shallots, 1 slice finely chopped ham, 2 tablespoons oil or melted lard, salt.

Remove rind from pork, cut meat into thin strips. Brown lightly in hot oil or lard. Add rice, stir over low heat 10 minutes. Stir in prawns, pour lightly beaten

**BY
OUR FOOD
AND
COOKERY
EXPERTS**

APRICOT PARFAIT served in tall glasses, a rich butterscotch meringue tart, and mouth-melting neenish tarts are illustrated above. Serve the parfait icy cold. Champagne pastry, used for the neenish tarts, may be used for the butterscotch tart, but double the amount would be necessary to make a nine-inch tart-case.

egg over all, and allow to set without stirring. Cut through and through with a knife, add soya sauce and water mixed together. Lastly add chopped shallots, ham, and salt to taste. Mix well and serve hot.

Fruit Salad Jelly

(6 servings)

Ingredients

1 envelope or 3 teaspoons of Davis Gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water, 2 bananas, 2 passionfruit, 2 peaches, other fruit in season, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, cherries or glace cherries.

Method

Stir dissolved gelatine and sugar into hot water, add lemon juice, passionfruit and cold water (or fruit juice) to make $\frac{3}{4}$ pint. Pour a little into the bottom of a mould. When firm, arrange a decoration of cherries and sliced banana. Pour on a little more liquid. When firm, arrange the remainder of the fruit, and pour in the jelly mixture. Serve with cream or custard. If fresh pineapple is used, cook it until tender or the jelly will not set.

* A DAVIS Dainty Dish



* FREE RECIPE BOOK

HANDY 2oz.,
READY-MEASURED PACK
or FAMILY SIZES
4oz., 8oz., 16oz. PACKS



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Are the prisoners of a gang of thieves who control Fear Island. While Lothar is in chains on the yacht and Narda shelters in the Governor's house, Man-

drake discovers the headquarters of the gang. His ally, Daru, stands on guard a little way off. Mandrake meets "Headman," the thieves' leader, who shows him rooms stacked with stolen goods. Suddenly a trapdoor opens and he falls. NOW READ ON.

"WHAT A FOOL I WAS! I WAS SO INTERESTED IN THE HEADMAN'S STORY, I FELL INTO THIS STUPID TRAP!" THINKS MANDRAKE. "SO THIS PLACE IS A GIGANTIC 'FENCE'—A RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!"



"AND AS THEY LIFT HIM UP FROM EITHER SIDE, THE MAGICIAN SEEMS TO SPLIT INTO TWO MAGICIANS! THE GUARDS STARE, DUMBFOUNDED—AS—"



THE LITTLE FIGURES HOP ABOUT LIKE FLEAS, RUNNING THROUGH THE GUARDS' FINGERS—ESCAPING THROUGH THE SMALL CELL OPENINGS—"



UNEXPECTEDLY, MANDRAKE COMES UPON THE THIEVES' ARMORY. "THEY'VE ENOUGH WEAPONS. HERE FOR AN ARMY!" HE THINKS. HE HEARS SHOUTS BEHIND HIM...



THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY FLASH ON, TWO GUARDS ENTER THE STRANGE CELL—"THERE HE IS—GRAB HIM!"—MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—



"MANDRAKE SEEMS TO DIVIDE AND DIVIDE—BECOMING SMALLER EACH TIME, UNTIL THE CELL IS FILLED WITH THE DASHING LITTLE FIGURES—"



"AND ALL OF THEM—OR HIM—GOT AWAY!" EXPLAIN THE AMAZED GUARDS. "FOOL! HE'S A TRICKSTER! ROUSE THE GANG! SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!" ROARS THE HEADMAN. "THIS IS AN ARMED CAMP! I CAN'T HANDLE THEM ALL! I MUST WORK FAST!" THINKS MANDRAKE.



"THERE HE IS! UNARMED, TOO! SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT—THAT'S THE ORDER!" THEY CRY.



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